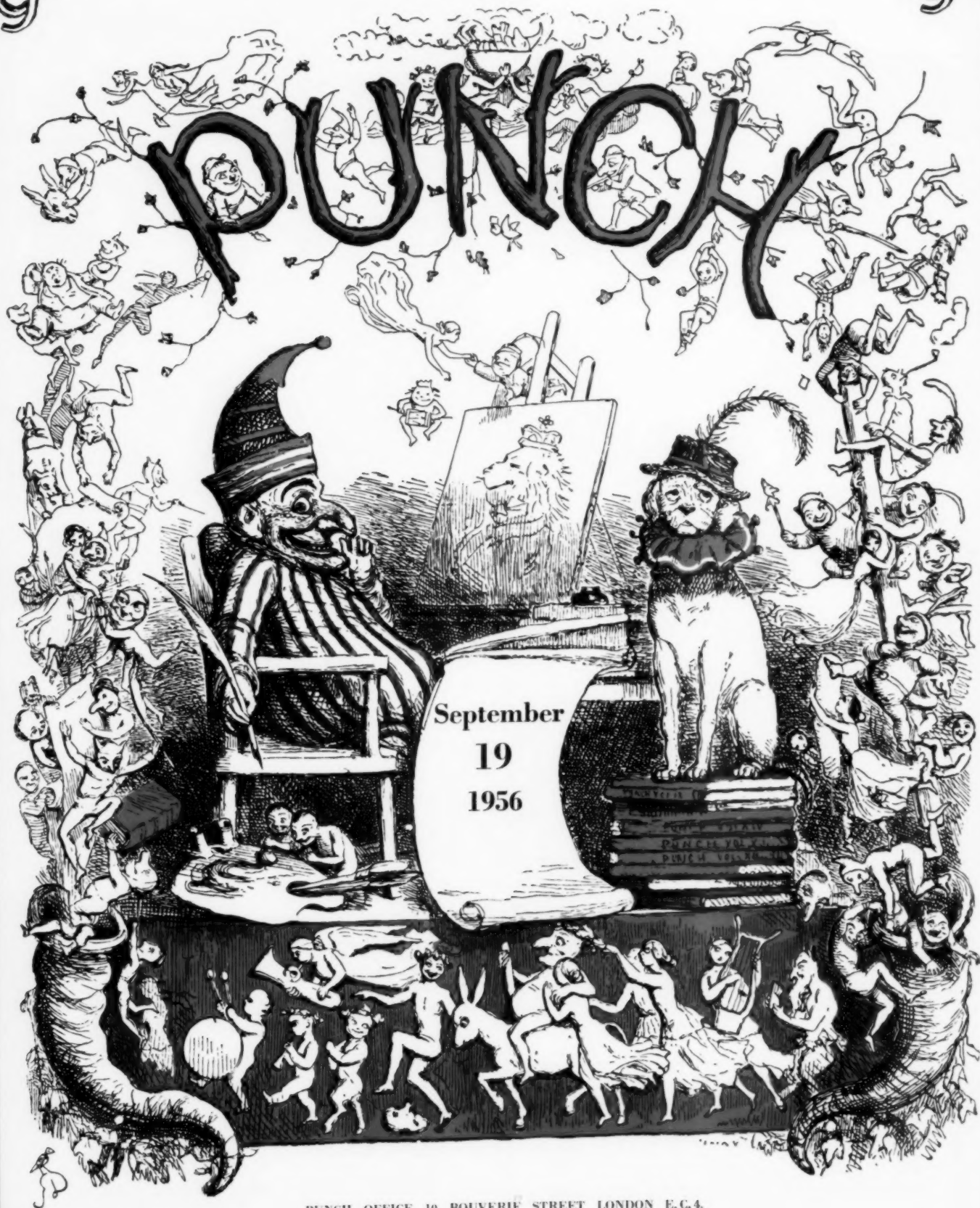


9^d

9^d



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

*
Variations on a
 *
favourite theme
 *

each deliciously, unmistakably... **Tobler**



Take cherries and pineapples, almonds and walnuts, strawberries and honey and cream. Take the rarest, the finest, the sweetest of this world's confections and with them make Tobler Symphony—if you can. Tobler have their secrets and keep them. But the results are yours to enjoy in Tobler Symphony. Fifteen variations on a theme of sheer delight. Each deep in dessert chocolate. Each deliciously different. Each a triumph of the confectioner's art.

ask for

Tobler

Symphony
 CHOCOLATES

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE



Gordon's in your glass?

You have the party spirit!

AUTUMN EVENINGS—a glow in the hearth again—friends around the fire—Gordon's in every glass—and *there's* the party spirit! Gordon's is the drink everyone can have, just to their liking—long or short, sweet or dry; with orange, or tonic or vermouth, or as the Heart of every good Cocktail. Ask for it by name...



BY APPOINTMENT
 TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
 GIN BOTTLERS
 TROSBERTY GORDON & CO. LTD.

Gordon's Stands Supreme



What does
THE LONDON
CORRESPONDENT
 say today?

THE DAY OF RECKONING—the day *after* the fire, when all that isn't burnt is soaked by the fireman's hose—is the day to be thankful. For then is the time you can be glad of your wisdom in being well assured—glad to know that your London Assurance Fire Policy will cover the damage and help you off to a fresh start.

AFTERMATHS

If a business goes up in flames, then obviously earning power and trading profits are going to go down. That's why it is always a good thing to reinforce your Fire Policy with the additional protection of our Loss of Profits policy.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE...

There are a great many ways in which Life Assurance can make life fuller and more solidly secure. All

are explained in our booklet 'How to be Well Assured'. It's free, and an eye-opener for anyone who's not quite sure what to make of Life Assurance.

* * *

These are three policies from a wide selection. Should you want to know more about us, the rest of our policies, or insurance problems generally, our address is 1 King William Street, Dept 1, London, E.C.4.

THE LONDON
ASSURANCE



Very good people to deal with

**when business
has its problems...**



Aerial view of RALEIGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED of Nottingham, who use B & A machines in their business.



You have been in business a long time. You know all the moves. Yet every day brings new problems, demanding new answers. For thirty years B & A have been providing such answers . . . following every move towards mechanised productivity, offering new methods of control, and moving the office towards mechanised efficiency. The B & A range of business equipment is used throughout British Industry; the B & A systems organisation has designed efficient production control methods for large and small firms; and many an office is grateful to its B & A business machine for time and labour saved. Next time your progress is checked don't admit to stalemate until you have had a chance to see the B & A range. Drop us a line and let us send you full details.

you need

Banda **in your business**

The Block and Anderson range comprises BANDA spirit duplicators, BANDA Systems machines for selective reproduction, FACIT and MARCHANT calculators, VICTOR adding machines, BANDAVELOP photocopying equipment, PRODUC-TROL and PLANFLEX visual control boards, BANDAMAIL mailroom machines, BANDA-FOLD folding machines, BANDASHRED document destroying machines, FLEXO-WRITER tape operated automatic writing machines for data processing and JUSTO-WRITER automatic composing machines.

BLOCK & ANDERSON LIMITED

58/60 KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET, LONDON, W.8

Telephone: WESTern 7250 (10 lines)

Branch Offices in

BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, DUBLIN, DUNDEE, EDINBURGH, EXETER, GLASGOW, LEEDS, LEICESTER, LIVERPOOL, LUTON, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, NOTTINGHAM, PRESTON, SHEFFIELD, SOUTHAMPTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT

Comfort in Style...

S-h-u-s-h, a chap can really take things easy in his Grandees slacks, they're just *made* to relax in! Cut from fine worsteds, gaberdines and corduroys, they keep their 'hang' and shape for years. They also keep your shirt where it belongs with a cunningly woven rubber waistband.

Choose your Grandees from a variety of shades—with or without matching belt—and give yourself a real leg-up in looks! Prices range from 3 gns. to 4 gns. From all good men's shops.

Grandees

SLACKS FOR MEN

-guaranteed by **GOR-RAY**

GRANDEES LIMITED • 72 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON • W.1

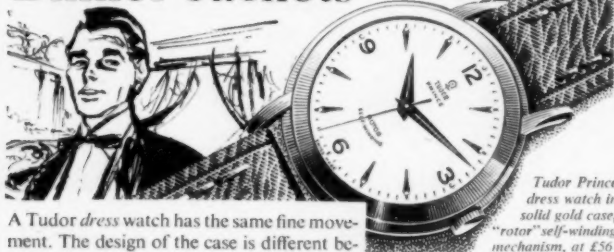
Duffle Coats or



The Tudor Prince, waterproof Oyster case, "rotor" self-winding mechanism. £34.15s.

You can take a Tudor Oyster swimming or through a sandstorm. Day and night, without your giving it a thought, the rugged waterproof Oyster case protects the accurate 17-jewel movement from everything but brute force.

Dinner Jackets



Tudor Prince dress watch in solid gold case, "rotor" self-winding mechanism, at £56.

A Tudor dress watch has the same fine movement. The design of the case is different because a dress watch, of course, must be slim, and elegant enough to match the occasion on which it is worn.

Write for our catalogue showing Rolex and Tudor watches and where to find your nearest Rolex jeweller.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Founder and Chairman),
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

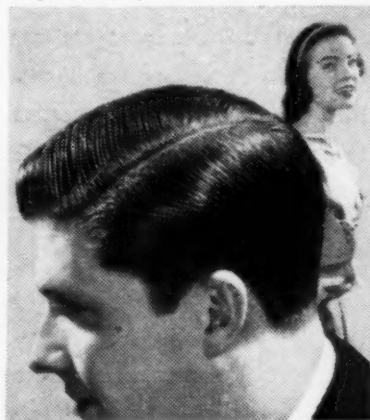


TUDOR

BY ROLEX

Oh-oh DRY SCALP!

Look at that scruffy hair! So untidy, dull and lifeless, you can see his hair lacks natural oils. That's Dry Scalp—yet it's so easy to correct.



CHECK DRY SCALP THIS EASY WAY

HERE'S the easy, sure way to correct Dry Scalp. Every morning, massage a few drops of Vaseline Brand Hair Tonic into your scalp. It takes just 20 seconds.

No spirit or other drying ingredients. Just pure, natural oils that supplement natural scalp oils and help starved hair. Soon Dry Scalp is checked. Your hair has that *natural*, well-groomed look, stays handsome and neat.

Good idea to buy a bottle right away.



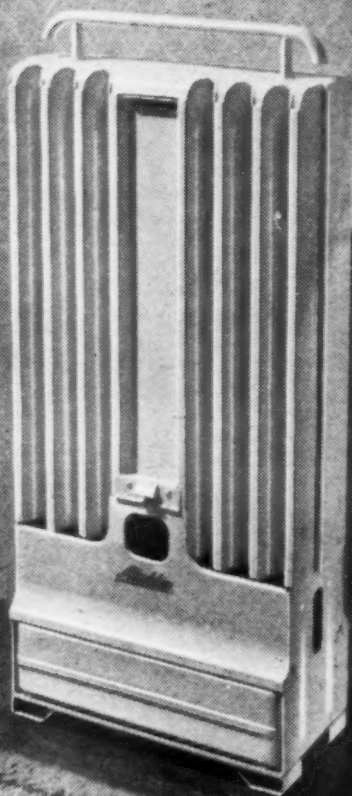
Vaseline® HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT CHECKS DRY SCALP

2/10, or 4/2 for dou'le the quantity

* Registered trade mark

9998-12



Aladdin Oil Radiator
£9. 19. 6

USE ALADDIN PINK
the premier paraffin specially refined
for all lamps and heaters

Brr-r-r!

And does the cost of coal and electricity make you shiver even more? It's time you got to know about Aladdin heaters!

Yes, they're oil heaters, but you'd never guess it when they're at work. No smell! No smoke! Nothing to do but fill them, light them, and leave them to spread their cosy warmth just where you need it. And at a running cost that makes central heating and electric fires look like extravagance.

There are five types of Aladdin for different heating jobs — quick temporary warmth, steady background warmth, directional warmth for a particularly cold corner. Your ironmonger will help you choose the right one, or you can write to us for a book which tells you the whole story. Do this now. There are lots of chilly days ahead!

There are Aladdin lamps and lanterns also—as brilliant for light as the heaters for warmth! Ask about these too!

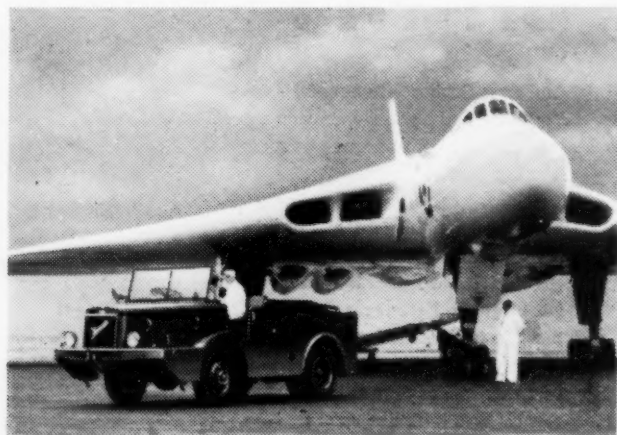
Aladdin
REGD TRADE MARK

IT'S SUCH A COMFORT!

Aladdin Industries Limited,
88 Aladdin Building, Greenford, Middlesex.



*For duties that demand
the highest standard of reliability*



*The Douglas "Tugmaster" for use on airfields
is powered by a Rolls-Royce B.50 engine*

ROLLS-ROYCE

Petrol Engines

With power outputs from 80 to 200 h.p., the Rolls-Royce 'B' Range petrol engines are designed for those applications which demand compactness, good power/weight ratio, and the highest standard of reliability.

Maintenance and storekeeping are simplified by the fact that 90% of the wearing parts in the 4, 6 and 8-cylinder engines are common to all three. A fully automatic transmission can also be supplied with these engines.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, CREWE, CHESHIRE

Trouble-free pumping is as simple as this

Combining the characteristics of the triple-ram pump with the compactness and simplicity of the centrifugal type, Megator pumps have set a new standard of performance. The rotor and the three rubber-lined plastic 'shoes'—the only moving parts—are self-compensating for wear and can be inspected by removing one cover. Self-priming, with high suction lift and constant capacity at varying heads, Megator pumps will handle many troublesome jobs. If you suffer from pump trouble, get in touch with Megator.



MEGATOR

SOME MEGATOR FACTS

Powerful suction : self-priming : constant capacity at varying pressures : self-compensating for wear : simple, compact and easy to maintain.

MEGATOR PUMPS & COMPRESSORS LTD

43 BERKELEY SQUARE · LONDON · W1 · Telephone : GROsvenor 6946

TGA M101M



Rainmaker extraordinary

THE ORINOCO INDIANS thought frogs had the power to make rain. As protection against drought they kept frogs captive. Then, if it got too dry, the captives were paraded and given a gentle beating; the idea was to make them croak and so bring on a shower.

Protection today is less bizarre, more scientific. Not least in modern industry where protection—product packaging—is often the key to successful marketing on a national scale. Today “Fiberite” cases, and cartons made from “Thames Board” are

used with confidence by every division of industry, to deliver their goods and display them to advantage.

As long as the competitive spirit lives in business, as long as our economy is built on the capacity of people to consume the goods our manufacturers are able to produce, so long will packaging continue to play its part as a sales aid as well as a safeguard.

Today, as the result of a planned policy of expansion, Thames Board Mills are increasing production to meet the ever-growing demands of industry for more and better packaging material.

THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

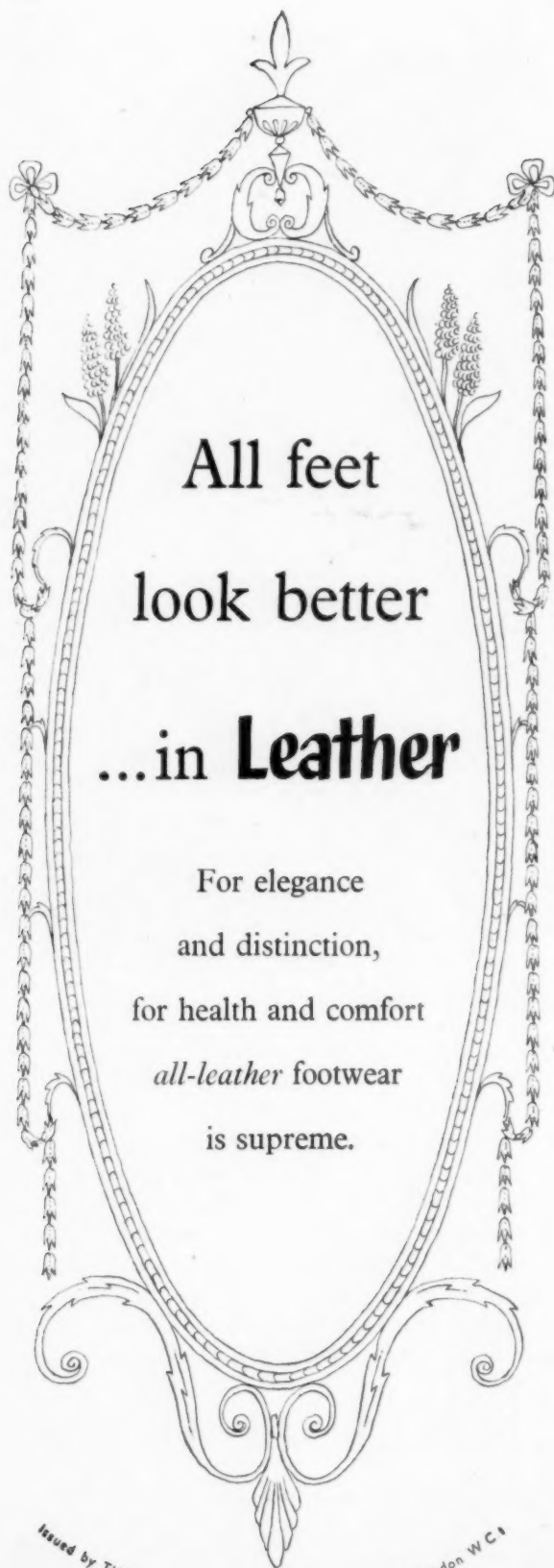
Purfleet, Essex



Warrington, Lancs

“THAMES BOARD” for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc.

“FIBERITE” Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard



Issued by THE LEATHER INSTITUTE, 17-19 Barter St. London W.C.1

*



A national institution with total assets of £237,000,000

ABBEX NATIONAL

announce

Share Interest Rate
INCREASED TO
from 1st October

3 1/2%
Income Tax Paid

All money invested in Abbey National Share Accounts will bear with effect from 1st October 1956 the increased rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, *income tax paid* by the Society. This is equivalent to **£6.1.9 per cent** when income tax is paid at the standard rate.

The rate of interest on ordinary Deposit Accounts will be increased to 3 per cent per annum, income tax paid, equivalent to £5.4.4 per cent where the standard rate of income tax is paid. Any sum from £1 to £5,000 is accepted; money may be withdrawn at convenient notice. Ask today for details at your nearest Abbey National Office, or write direct to the address below for the Society's Investment Booklet.

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BUILDING SOCIETY

Member of the Building Societies Association.

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Branch and other offices throughout the United Kingdom;
see local directory for address of nearest office

CVS-414

Les Chansons de Lanson — 1



Little Miss Muffet
Is no girl to rough it—
Her escorts find that out each day.
But, if Lanson is tried, her
Blue eyes open wider
And then she's not frightened away!

Lanson Black Label Champagne
is a dry wine—but not
too dry—with plenty of
life. At 26/6 a bottle it
will suit both your palate
and your pocket—at all
good wine merchants.



Lanson

By appointment
to the late
King George VI

BLACK LABEL Champagne

Produced in Reims by Lanson père et fils since 1769

That's my pleated skirt in the wash



—and here I am
wearing it with
**NO PRESSING
AT ALL!**

'GARNELENE' is the name of the 'Terylene' Wool fabric which has, at last, the **GUARANTEED NON-FLUFF FINISH**. 'GARNELENE' never crumples, is easily washed without pressing and takes no end of hard wear. When you buy skirts and trousers look for the 'GARNELENE' label as well as the makers' own brand and you'll be sure of extra wear—without a care.

CHOOSE SKIRTS, SLACKS
AND TROUSERS IN

Garnelene

For Extra Wear - Without a Care!

Many reputable firms use "GARNELENE" including (FOR LADIES) Corson's, Glen-Har, Hershele, John Selby, Lennoxburn of Scotland, etc. (FOR MEN) Albit Ltd., Cam Art Clothes, Gope Sportswear Ltd., Hallowell Sportswear, Benjamin Simon & Sons Ltd., etc.

"GARNELENE" fabric is made in "Terylene" (Wool and "Terylene" (Worsted by Garndits of Apperley Bridge, Yorkshire.

**AFTER
491 HOURS'
ROUGH WEAR**
—including spring
cleaning, regular
cycling and three
washings with **NO
pressing—a 'GARNELENE' skirt** was
as good as new,
with fluff-free sur-
face and sharp
pleat.

The only
'Terylene'/Wool
and 'Terylene'/
Worsted fabric
with the
**NON-FLUFF
GUARANTEE**

LOOK FOR THE LABEL



new
knitting
fashion!

**YES, the Fashion's new
—and it has been Lux-washed
six times!**

NEW — the twinset's sophisticated simplicity of line, and the professional knitting tricks that make all the difference between "hand-made" and "home-made." New — the look of this classic twin-set-with-a-difference. You'd swear it was being worn for the first time, it fits so perfectly, feels so soft and springy, stays so colour-true. That's what Lux-care does for woollies — and this set has actually been washed *six* times in Lux.

Lux is made from the purest, baby-mild soap. That rich, silky-soft Lux lather actually brings back the elasticity of the natural fibres. Every speck of dirt is coaxed out, so gently that your hand-knitted jumpers — and all your more treasured things — come up positively purring, time after time!



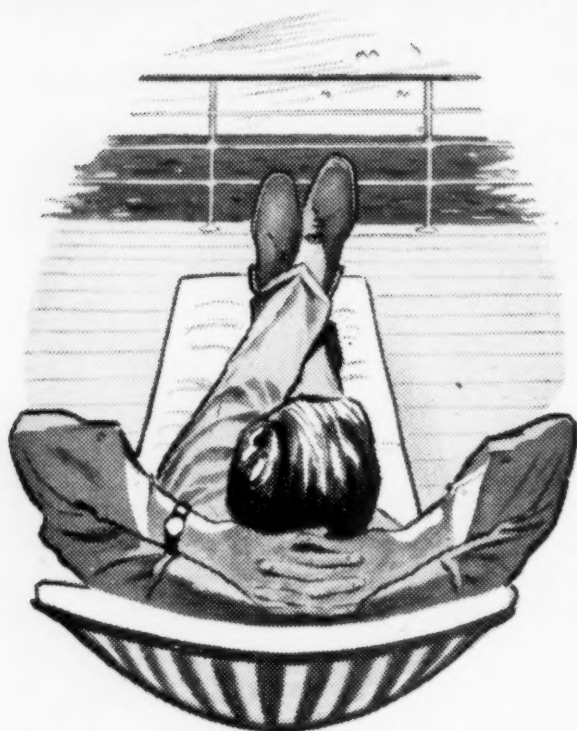
There just isn't a soapier washing product than Lux, and that means it's economical to use. Doubly so, because things last much longer with Lux-care. Get Lux today! In three sizes: Handy, Large and Magnum.

HOW TO GET YOUR KNITTING PATTERN. Send your name and address in block capitals, with a Lux packet top and 5d. in stamps, to Lever Brothers Limited, Dept. LX36, Port Sunlight, Cheshire. This offer is for United Kingdom residents, and expires on December 31st, 1956.

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX
(and so are your hands!) **A LEVER PRODUCT**

LX 3210-446-65

Between



Worlds

Just another journey? No, he's travelling Canadian Pacific. The magnificent new *Empress of Britain* is taking him from the Old World to the New, from Liverpool to Montreal. Nothing better before business, or *for* business, than to sit back on the sundeck and watch the ever-changing St. Lawrence landscape.

Canadian Pacific are past masters of comfort: the restaurant, the ballroom, the staterooms all tell you that. Further, if you wish to go on across Canada, Canadian Pacific trains await you. To travel by "The Canadian" with its scenic dome cars is a superb sequel to your voyage by *Empress*.

Canadian Pacific

IS WITH YOU ALL THE WAY

EVERY WEEK AN EMPRESS SAILS FROM LIVERPOOL

Consult your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific Office.



Distinction through blending

From a variety of individual Scotch whiskies the blender selects those with the characteristics he desires. Carefully and skilfully he blends them in the correct proportions to achieve the quality and flavour for which "Black & White" is famous.



'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers



to Her Majesty The Queen
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

The Secret is in the Blending



**now for
your
winter-weight**

Daks trousers meet the colder weather
with a wide choice of cloths — crash chevots,
worsted, hopsacks, cavalry twill . . .
Isn't it time *you* met winter-weight Daks ?
Here is the warmth you want, and the ease.
Here in fawns and in deeper tones
is the elegance that should go with it . . .
the unbeatable cloths and world-famous cut of Daks.
A couple of winter pairs will
round out your Daks collection nicely.

DAKS

*A man—his hobby—
and a very
personal cigarette*

HERE'S a man of originality — Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds" — the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



20 for 4/6 — 100 for 22/6

MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'd say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."



WPC9B

PASSING CLOUDS

21 JEWELS

—and a flair
for fashion



"FIRST LADY"
in solid gold
at £30-0-0

"GOLDEN
TREASURE"
in solid gold
at £36-0-0

"GOLDEN
HEART"
in gold at
£23-10-0

ROTARY
WATCHES

Accuracy and distinction at a reasonable price

Ask your jeweller for **ROTARY** — by name

Innovation by Stratton!

Compacts with
Matching Accessories



525/259

75/259

55/259

65/259

From
Jewellers,
Stores
or
Chemists

COMPACTS
by
Stratton
FOR SOLID OR LOOSE POWDER

525/259 "Princess" Com-
pact with delicate jewel
design on white or black
ground. Self opening inner
lid. From 33/9

55/259 Hinged Comb in
case decorated with design
to match. From 12/9

75/259 Fan Lipstick
Mirror in jewel design
to match. Holds any
popular size Lipstick.
From 19/3

65/259 Pill Box in gift
with jewel design on
lid. From 8/6

JARRETT, RAINSFORD & LAUGHTON LTD • BIRMINGHAM.



MORLEY made this fully fashioned twin set in soft
lambswool. Beneath the golfer is a short-sleeve jumper.
In coral, ice blue, clerical grey, cardinal red,
hunting green or black.

Sizes 36, 38, 40. 4 gns. Post and Packing 1/11

Army & Navy Stores

VICTORIA STREET S.W.1 • VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT

5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station



men
feel
fine

in

Shepherd
or *Stella* underwear



COOPER AND ROE LTD. OF NOTTINGHAM

Overcoats



We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats for all occasions in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN & CO. LTD.
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



Firestone

SPECIALLY DESIGNED TYRES FOR EVERY MOTORING NEED

TUBELESS or TUBED



DE LUXE and SUPER BALLOON

These tyres have long been recognised by wise motorists as offering the finest value-for-money. They provide all-round safety with comfort, and give long, silent service on the highway.

Also ideal for estate cars and light vans

Town & Country ALL SEASON

For rear wheels, giving non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads and maximum grip in mud. Smooth riding, and quiet. Long, trouble-free mileage.

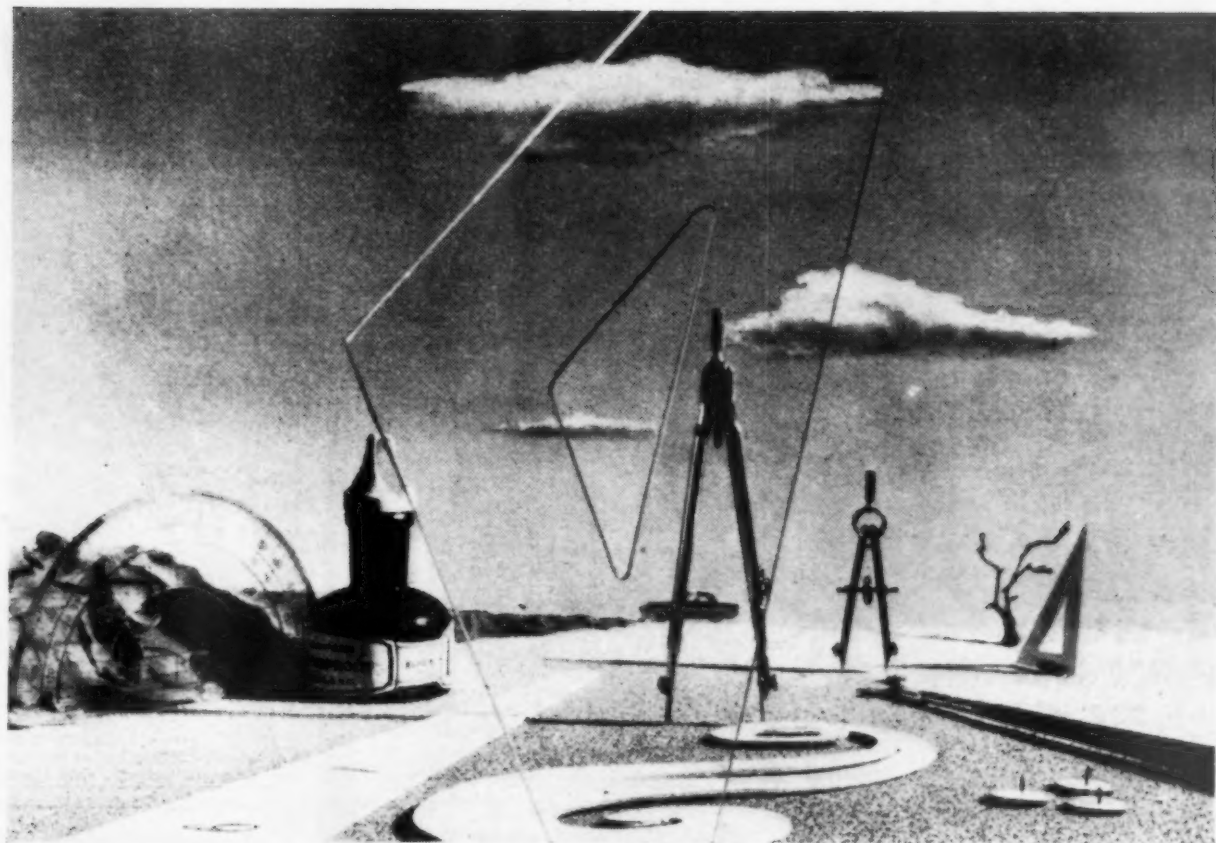


Experience Counts —

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

WITH
WEATHERISED
TREAD



ision

Vision is a word that moved among lofty connotations until science broke into its mysticism. Now, what with split atoms, space travel, jet propulsion, television, automation and other marvels, it has become a familiar of our speech; vision of the future is a commonplace. Even advertising has its visualiser, the man who foresees the vision of the ad that is to be (it doesn't always come out as he sees it). There is the vision of soaring sales graphs when a new product is launched. Also there is the naughty vision of competitors tearing their hair as their sales graphs drop. It may be presumptuous to use a word so noble in the market place, but it had to be when science and imagination combined, as they do in advertising, to dress and sell a useful product across the counter. A manufacturer without a vision gets buried in the past, an advertising agent without vision will certainly miss the future. It is an exciting moment for the agent when he meets an advertiser with vision.

R C N
advertising

Managing Director, E. G. Walker

Oh no! KNOT AGAIN



**BUY
PATON'S
LACES**
SMART STRONG
RELIABLE
On sale throughout Britain

JEREZ CREAM

Choicest Old
Oloroso
SHERRY

Rich and Luscious
with the outstanding
quality and flavour
that only AGE, EX-
PERT SELECTION
and BLENDING in
JEREZ (Spain) can
produce

Shipped only by
**WILSON &
VALDESPINO**
JEREZ · SPAIN



Obtainable from all leading Wine Merchants

GODFREY DAVIS

EUROPE'S FIRST NAME IN CAR RENTAL

**REDUCED
OFF-SEASON
RATES**

SELF-DRIVE

TARIFF 1—Time and Mileage | Whichever
TARIFF 2—No Mileage Charge | is Cheaper
ANNUAL AND SHORT-TERM CONTRACT RENTAL

CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN

Cars for all occasions, Day and Night
Service, Continental Tours arranged.

7 Eccleston Street, London, S.W.1

★ Telephone: SLOane 0022

Also at Neasden Lane, N.W.10 (Tel.: GLAdstone 6474)
PARIS: S. F. L. GODFREY DAVIS, 99 AVE. DE NEUILLY,
NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE. TEL.: 1 SAbons 58-13

WE USE EXCLUSIVELY
SHELL **X100** MOTOR OIL

Kit Inspection?

Appraisal. Appreciation.
Mutual congratulations.
Yes, you can tell a
Vantella. Tell it by its
perfectly groomed
Van Heusen collars and
cuffs; by the comfort
of its roomy chest,
unshrinking neckband
and convenient coat-cut
style; and, in white
and plain colours, by
its choice of two sleeve
lengths. Moderately
priced, too, at 49/-

You can tell a
VANTELLA

With **VAN HEUSEN** collars and cuffs
The perfect shirt, made by **Cotella**

For the Vantella pattern card, write to
A/M COTELLA, 30 BINNEY STREET, W.1 Q8

Post your films to...



Will R. Rose LTD

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSORS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Get our speciality **MAGNA PRINTS** (regd.)
And pay when the work is done

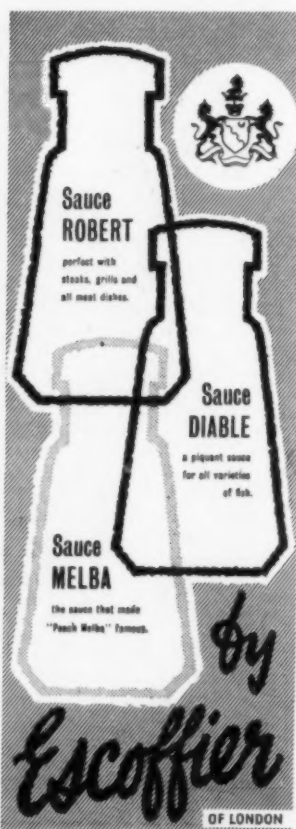
ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD AND 25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

FOR A
Life-Long
FRIEND



Life-Long
PROPELLING PENCILS

A VARIETY OF MODELS
IN ROLLED GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL SILVER
FROM LEADING JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS





"Figures satisfy me that we must have Leeming cleaning cloths"

THE WORKS ACCOUNTANT

When they put the proposition to me in the works that they should have a supply of cloths for cleaning machinery, proper cloths made for the job, I could see the advantages—but I wanted to know what it would cost! The amazing thing is that this Leeming service costs us only about half what we used to spend on providing old rags for cleaning, and for this they provide a weekly service of clean cloths and take the old ones away. They don't charge us for any lost in the works, either! We're on a good thing here, I'll tell you!



Leeming Brothers
Limited

SALFORD · 3 · LANC'S
TEL: MANCHESTER BLACKFRIARS 2561 (5 LINES)

May we send you samples and particulars? LB114

ng, curling, ski-ing, cycling, yachting, tobogg
ing, gymkhana, steeple chasing, bowls, bi
sea diving, diving, water polo, polo, cross cour
s, javelin throwing, shot putting, sprinting,
owing, long jumping, hop, step and jump, pot
enics, bobsleighbing, baseball, handball, scullin
yachting, big game hunting, carpet bowls, bo
sailing, gymnastics, high jumping,shint
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peed skating, ice hockey, lawn bowls, bowling, soft
water exploration, arctic exploration, under
sket, rugby football, archery, swimming, fishing
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sprinting, weight lifting, wrestling
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BESET by so many cogent, confident and conflicting opinions on the right answer to the Canal problem, the ordinary man may have overlooked a hint dropped by a Suez pilot under interview; he was intensely sceptical of Egypt's ability to make anything but a mess of administering the well-known waterway and added, "By 1970 it will be finished." Obviously it is up to the West to keep its conferences, missions, plans and proposals ticking over until then, meanwhile getting fourteen years' useful practice in going round the Cape.

Got to be Tough

BACK from a Russian holiday a Maida Vale man brings bleak stories of living conditions, with poor housing, shabby



clothes and revolting food. He was puzzled because people stood up for him in trams—but there, the seats are probably pretty hard.

Bright Side

MANY will be grateful to the critic whose assessment of a new film comedy is now being quoted in the advertisements: "I shall still be laughing at the end of 1956." It's comforting to think that someone will.

Have a Cigar

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER's publicity men scooped the world's front pages with the news that Sir Winston Churchill was to open a forthcoming *Mau Mau* film with a passage quoted from one of his books, and readers more impressed by the headlines than the content of these dispatches will no

doubt expect future garish posters to proclaim "*Something of Value*—Starring Winston Churchill!" Luckily advance publicity has a certain fugitive quality, and if the thing is played down from now on there may not, after all, be ugly scenes when cheated fans find that the actual quotation is only "The problems of East Africa are the problems of the world."

More Like It

ANIMAL-LOVERS are to be congratulated on the effectiveness of their protest during the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo, which resulted in the withdrawal of an item in which one horse was to have been jumped over another. Instead it was jumped over "four volunteers from the Army," lying on the ground with their legs in the air.

Sham Shamrock

IRISH fears are said to have been allayed by Mr. Robertson's assurance that he will bar motorists on his newly-acquired Killarney Estate and "encourage jaunting cars and horsemen." Filmgoers are less complacent. This will mean filling-stations for branded oats, with attendants in uniforms



labelled "Pat" and "Mike" on the back delivering quaint Irishisms and looking like Barry Fitzgerald. The horses will rear and whinny continuously; the wheels of the jaunting cars will go round the wrong way.

Armchair League

OUT to-morrow is *The Spectator's Handbook*, whose title is supported by

book-jacket photographs of tennis, football and cricket framed in television screens, leaving no doubt that a new instructional book trend is here, helping people to watch sport. At least it may siphon off the flood of telephone criticism from the switchboards of Lime Grove and Television House, and viewers may have the satisfaction of seeing their telegram rushed on to the soccer-field in mid-play, telling the captain that he doesn't stand a chance unless he brings his centre-forward back deep from upfield and stabilizes his defence in the penalty area.

One Way Only

By means of suggestion boxes in factories, says Mr. Ezra S. Taylor, an American specialist in so-called Suggestion Systems, workers can pass on to



managements valuable ideas for increasing productivity and economizing on manpower. Mr. Taylor has been in London, explaining all this to members of the British Productivity Council, none of whom, as far as can be judged from reports, asked if he had any hints on some system working in the opposite direction.

Spitfire Secret Out?

THE balance between security precautions and a show of strength makes for difficult decisions at the Ministry of Supply, and it must only have been after prolonged heart-searchings that security restrictions were removed, at a British aircraft factory, so that last week's Russian air delegation could see the sights. All the same, pessimists feel

that this can only mean one of two things: either we've nothing worth hiding, or we had, tried and couldn't.

Time for Prayers

TELEVISION has added to the already considerable difficulties faced by clergymen trying to keep up with their parish visits; as the vicar of St. Andrew's, Surbiton, pointed out recently, families



are usually in the middle of some programme or other and are "not a bit pleased" at the intrusion. Perhaps careful timing is the answer—the door-bell to ring just as the family is switching off the Epilogue.

Too Far

PUNNING headlines recently introduced into *The Times* have, on the whole, left the paper's dignity unimpaired; they have been restricted to the more lightweight dispatches. A threat to good taste may well develop if they get loose on the foreign news page, however, and it is to be hoped that an admonitory word was said to the gag-man who conceived last week's "Police Sent to Copperbelt."

Frown in the Front Office

HOLLYWOOD notabilities concerned with organizing Motion Picture Academy Awards are set a puzzle by the banning of *Rock Around the Clock* by cinema managers who don't want their fixtures uprooted by hep-happy patrons. The problem is whether or not to introduce a new class of Oscar for films which are so successful that no one will exhibit them.

Absit Omen

The s.s. British Resource has been in collision at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

If that's all *British Resource*
Can do for a show of force

It could possibly prove a boon
That most of our ships of war
With names like *Implacable* are
Wrapped up in a safe cocoon.

IT APPEARS APPARENT . . .

WE'LL put two sentences on the blackboard. Both come from *The Times* First Leaders . . . the first titled FIRMNESS AND CARE, on September 11, and the second titled ANSWERS NEEDED, on September 13.

"Nothing has occurred to alter the view that the use of force cannot be ruled out if other means of persuasion and pressure are seen to have failed."

and

"Now, as a piece of objective reporting, it has to be said that in present circumstances this country would be united on the use of force only if the dispute had first been put to the Security Council and a majority view had been given on NASSER's act."

At the time of Munich in 1938 I was in a London West End gunsmith's shop, and saw a pair of guncases labelled "Sir George Clerk, The Dorchester Hotel." The gunsmith told me that our ex-Ambassador to Paris had sent his guns in to be stored a fortnight ago. He had not expected to be using them for a long time (the gunsmith's voice dropped) . . . several years perhaps. But to-day he had 'phoned to say that his chauffeur was going to call for them again. Sir George would get his partridge and pheasant-shooting this season as usual. There would be no war.

Sir George's guns frightened me retrospectively much more than the trench-digging in Hyde Park had frightened me at the time. It is conceivable that I might have known that war was imminent had I been reading *The Times* leaders in those shuffling days.

So far, in the Suez crisis, I haven't heard of any members of the Establishment having their guns put away in their gunmakers' vaults. But last week *The Times* was suffering from a bad attack of secondary anxiety symptoms, noticeable in their leader prose. There was a rush and rash of *Passive Voice*, *Pruritus*, of *Negative Numbness*, of *Subtracted Nouns* or *Pronouns* and, as a general toxic condition, *Evasio Elaborata*, or Baldwin's Disease.

I take it that that September 11 sentence on the blackboard means basically "England may have to fight Egypt." But to soften that dreadfully objective-sounding bit of news *The Times* unmask its batteries of negatives. *Nothing has occurred*. *To alter* (a negative as it were by implication). *Cannot be ruled out*. *Failed*. And now the *Subtracted Noun* or *Pronoun* game. "Alter the view . . ." Well, whose view? Won't *The Times* be brave and tell us that it is its own previously stated view? No. "The view" must sound as though it was a generally held view. That's often the effect of the *Subtracted Noun* or *Pronoun*. "The use of force . . ." Well, by whom? England? Yes. Then why not say so? "Cannot be ruled out . . ." By whom? *The Times* leader-writers? The Editor? Eden? The Government? The setter of *The Times* Crossword Puzzle of the day? "Means of persuasion and pressure." By whom?

And the second bit of "objective reporting . . ." more *Subtracted Nouns* or *Pronouns*. "It has to be said." By whom? *The Times*? "Would be united on the use of force only if . . ." Is this a suggestion that it would be united then? Would it, by Gad! And then the two *Poor Passives* of the last two clauses, again to make it as clear as mud that, whatever *The Times* is really saying, it will have no nonsense about anyone being able to pin it on to them. *The Times* has got the wind up again: and so have I.

R. A. U.



"But Mr. Cousins, what you're saying is contrary to your declared policy."



DAVID LOW



"You don't mind me giving him a little piece of your delicious cake, do you?"

The Man who Stole the Eiffel Tower

By GRAHAM GREENE

IT was not so much the theft of the Eiffel Tower which caused me difficulty; it was putting it back before anyone noticed. The whole affair, though I say it myself, was beautifully organized. You can easily imagine what was entailed—a fleet of outsize lorries to carry the Tower out to one of those quiet flat fields you see on the way to Chantilly. There the Tower could lie quite easily on its side. On the way out, on the misty autumn morning, there had been very little traffic, and what traffic there was I can only describe as humble. No one who tried to pass my hundred and two six-wheeled lorries noticed that they were joined like beads by the chain of the Tower. The private cars would pull out

for a moment and attempt to pass, but when the drivers of the Fiats and Renaults saw lorry after lorry stretching ahead they simply gave up and followed the procession. On the other hand I provided a wonderfully clear road for cars coming into Paris: for them the long road from Chantilly was as good as a one-way street. They skimmed by and had no time to notice how the Tower lay over the driving coach of every lorry with no interval between: the Tower went out in a kind of sleeping berth, so many hundred metres long.

I have a great affection for the Tower, and it pleased me to see it, after all those years of war and fog and rain and radar,

in repose. The first day it was there I walked around it, occasionally touching a strut: the fourth floor looked a little uncomfortable where it bridged a mild and muddy tributary of the Seine, and I had it eased. Then I drove back to the original site—I was still nervous lest anybody should notice. The great concrete blocks stood there with nothing on them. They were so like tombs that somebody had already left a bunch of flowers addressed to the Heroes of the Resistance. Once a taxi drew up containing the last swallow of tourism alighting there before winging westwards across the Atlantic at the approach of winter. He had a girl with him and he staggered a little in his walk. He bent to look at the flowers and straightened

himself with a flush on his well-shaven powdered cheeks.

"Tsa memorial," he said.

"Comment?" asked the taxi-driver.

The girl said "Chester, you said we could lunch here."

"There ain't no Tower," the man said.

"Comment?"

"What I mean to say is," he explained, waving his arms for emphasis, "you brought us to the wrong place." He made an effort. "*Ici n'est pas la Tour Eiffel.*"

"Oui. Ici."

"Non. Pas du tout. Ici il n'est pas possible de manger."

The driver got out and looked around. I felt a little nervous in case he noticed the absence of the Tower, but he got back into the cab and appealed to me sadly. "They continually change the names of the streets," he said.

I spoke to him confidentially. "It's only lunch they want," I said. "Take them to the Tour d'Argent." Quite happily they drove away and that danger was over.

Of course there was always a risk that the employees might arouse public attention, but I had taken that into account. They were paid by the week, and what man or woman is fool enough to admit that his place of employment has ceased to exist until the week has come round again and the money has been earned? The cafés in the neighbourhood became a great resort for the employees, but no one liked to sit at a table with a fellow-worker in case of awkwardness in conversation. I noticed one uniform cap per *bistro* for an area of a square mile: each man sat contentedly during his hours of duty, drinking a glass of beer or a pastis according to his

salary, and rising punctually from his table at the hour for clocking out. I don't think they were even puzzled by the Tower's absence. It could be conveniently forgotten like the income tax. Better not to think about it: if you thought about it somebody might expect you to take action.

The tourists, of course, remained the chief danger. Night fliers assumed a low-lying fog and the Ministry of Air passed to the Foreign Ministry "for comment" several complaints about radar jamming—a new Russian device in the cold war. But word soon got around among guides and taxi-drivers that when a stranger asked for the Tour Eiffel it was simpler and less complicated to take them to the Tour d'Argent. The management there did not disillusion them, and the view these autumn days





was just as good, and they were very happy signing the book at so much a head. I used to drop in and listen to them. "I got the idea it was more sort of steely," one of them said. "I thought you could see through it." I explained to him how perfectly true that was of the establishment he was in.

A holiday can never go on for ever, and wandering round of a morning putting a little spit and polish on the struts I concluded that the Tower must go back to work before its employees missed their wages. I could only hope that in the course of time it would find another like myself to give it a spell of country air. I assure him there is little risk involved. No one in Paris could admit that the Tower was absent for five days unnoticed—any more than a lover could admit to himself that he had failed to notice the absence of his mistress.

All the same it was a tricky business, the return of the Tower, and entailed a good deal of traffic diversion. To facilitate this I had laid in, from a theatrical costumier's, uniforms of the police, the Gardes Mobiles, the Gardes Républicaines, and the Académie Française. The diversions included a Poujadiste meeting, an Algerian riot and a funeral oration for an obscure dramatic critic by a friend of mine dressed up as the Minister of Education. I say "dressed up," but of course there was no necessity for him even to change his name, let alone his face, since no one remembered who this Minister was in M. Mollet's Cabinet.

The tourists had the last word, and curiously enough as I stood at the base of my beloved Tower, which seemed to pirouette into the morning mist, it was the same American arriving in a

taxi with the same girl. He took a quick look round and said "'Tis not the Eiffel Tower."

"Comment?"

"Oh, Chester," the girl said, "where've they taken us now? They never get it right. I'm so hungry, Chester. I've just been dreaming of that *Sole Délice* we had."

I said to the driver "It's the Tour d'Argent they want," and watched them grind away. The wreath to the Heroes of the Resistance had withered, but I put one dried discoloured flower into my buttonhole and waved my farewell to the Tower. I dared not linger. I might have been tempted to steal it again.

Faithful to Bohemia

(Lines inspired by the rumour that the *Café Royal Brasserie* is to be reopened)

GONE with the wind, those fabulous fin-de-siècle Café nights,
When on chipped marble tables absinthe was set;
When Decadents in the seats of sage-green Pre-Raphaelites
Discoursed on art for art's sake with æsthetic passion.

The world forgets, but I do not forget—
I have been faithful to Bohemia in my fashion.

What lilac Decadence they exquisitely, guiltily enjoyed,
Garlanded with flowers of evil, dizzy with sweet champagne!
Albeit to new generations, enlightened by Freud,
Scoffing at art for art's sake and æsthetic passion,

Innocent flowers of evil make a daisy-chain,
I have been faithful to Bohemia in my fashion.

I called for blacker Espressos and for bitterer beer,
Greeting those Cubists and Surréalistes extravagant and bizarre,
Mistily mirrored in memory. Yea, breathing an atmosphere
Lethal to art for art's sake and æsthetic passion,

In vulgar pub and genteel coffee-bar,
I have been faithful to Bohemia in my fashion.

I too have known Bohemia, those far-off, forsaken shores,
Where night-long, the habitués riotously sojourned.
And if the Brasserie once again opens its doors—
Temple of art for art's sake and æsthetic passion—

There I will hang my hat, a native returned.
I have been faithful to Bohemia in my fashion.

O. M.



"Worst summer for business I ever remember."

How I Nearly Got into Fruit

By ANTHONY CARSON

I WAS in love and living in a room off the Portobello Road and couldn't pay the rent. This called for practical measures, and it was no time for the desperate tactics of charm. One was getting a tiny bit old, no longer the happy robber who flew over catastrophes like a mad swallow. What had I got to show, beyond being an honorary lieutenant who wanted to write?

The girl's name was Lily de la Roche. She was a very beautiful film-star whom I had known years ago before she had any reputation. She was also intelligent, difficult, and terribly obstinate. Now and then she invited me to tea, and I told lies and said I was writing books and operas and films, but I could see she didn't believe me. Sometimes she could look like a witch, and I could feel

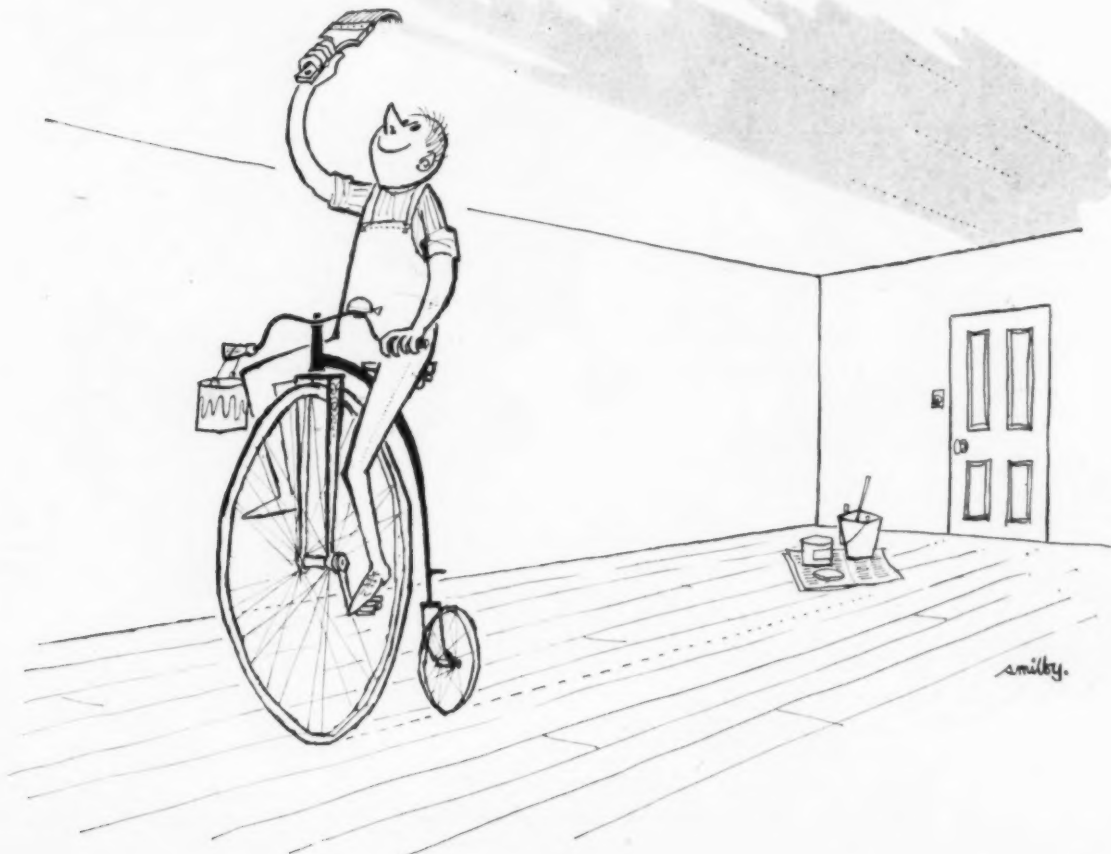
her looking right through me into the wall.

I stared out of the window of my room and thought of Lily. Obviously I had no ambition, but at least I wanted to live. I walked out of the house and went to the Labour Exchange and joined a queue until I arrived at a little window with a man peering through it at me. He had a face like a bee. "What do you want?" he asked me. "I want some sort of a job," I said. "What are your qualifications?" he asked me. "I am an honorary lieutenant," I said. "What else?" he asked. "I am a writer," I said. I didn't say anything about operas, films or books. "My God," said the bee. "Have you a card?" he asked me. "No," I said. He looked through various cards and papers and then leant forward. "Here's a casual

job, if you'd like to try for it. Ideal Home Exhibition. Fruit." "What sort of fruit?" I asked. "I don't know," said the bee sharply, "does it matter? Pineapples, oranges and so forth, I suppose. Smatterby's. You know, the class fruit shop in Oxford Street. Call there with this card."

I got on a bus and arrived in Oxford Street. Smatterby's Fruit Shop is an enormous emporium stacked with fruit so smart, polished and Technicolor that it would seem an outrage to eat it. Inside, the shop smelt like a West Indian island. I found the manager, showed him my card, and he told me to report at Smatterby's stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition. They would tell me what to do, and I would be paid at the end of each day's work.

The Ideal Home Exhibition, like each



Ideal Home Exhibition, exists on various floors and is divided into alleyways and avenues and crossroads like a tiny monstrous suburban town. Each house belonged to a product: Glosso Paint, Olde Worlde Bedroom Suites, Tea-Gowns Limited, Pixie Lamps, Mineral Water enterprises, Tudor Building companies, and a large central kiosk, something like a modernized convenience, which contained the publicity officers of the *Daily Bread*. Then there was a cosy Japanese garden with polyanthus, a fountain, and a claustrophobic duck. This little town was crammed with people you never see who read Dornford Yates and Daphne du Maurier and listen to Edward German, and who are yet eternal England, who fill our zoos and drink all the tea in Ceylon.

Many of the shops and kiosks were fronted with flowering plants, and one of my duties was to water them. I went around with a bucket and a syringe, and wore a dying buttonhole from Smatterby's floral section. I found it was possible to syringe the plants in a super-Ideal Home manner, like a distinguished botanist. Very soon many of the stall-holders were calling me Mr. Smatterby. "Good morning, Mr. Smatterby," they would say, "on the rounds, eh?" "Yes," I would say, "one can't let the flowers down." Sometimes I was even asked in for drinks. On one occasion I was invited in by the *Daily Bread* and handed a glass of gin and vermouth. "I say, Mr. Smatterby," asked the manager, "could you possibly let me have some red tulips? They'd make such a good show." "Certainly," I replied. I thought of asking him for a job with the *Daily Bread*, but refrained. The only disadvantage in my philanthropic, horticultural role consisted in the fact that I had to carry boxes of refuse all the way through the exhibition down to the liftshaft. "Mind your backs, ladies and gents," one cried in jocular tones, tripping over children and Ideal dogs, but there were two compensations. One was the uncle-like store-keeper who gave me peaches, plums and nectarines at the end of each day. The other was supplied by nearly all the employees in the booths and stalls, who knew as little about Ideal Homes as I did, who were also writing operas and films, dancing in ballets, and entering the Houses of Parliament.



After I had collected a certain amount of well-bred Smatterby fruit I went to visit Lily de la Roche, who was then acting in a theatre. I entered the dressing-room and casually handed it over. "Some fruit," I said. "But how lovely," said Lily, "it is beautiful, exotic fruit." She looked at me in amazement. "I'm in the fruit business," I said, adjusting a hectically revived buttonhole.

I continued working for Smatterby's while the Exhibition lasted. The plastic Ideal prosperity gradually wilted, dust glowered in the air, the little aluminium city dimmed in breath and tarnish, the eyes of the flowers glazed. Still England poured in, searching for the beaded Ideal dresses which nobody sees, the whistling electric kettles, the adjustable prams and the map lampshades. Everybody seemed to want to eat fruit, the refuse boxes piled up like debts, and nearly all the day I was carrying them backwards and forwards to the lift shaft. On the last day I was walking towards

the shaft with corpses of apples and cauliflowers on my head, when I ran straight into Lily de la Roche. She was with the publicity manager of the *Daily Bread*. I stood still, shedding a windfall of fruit like a struck tree. "My God," she cried, "I hoped I'd see no one I knew. I've got to go to that ghastly Japanese garden and be photographed in a kimono. And there's a duck, they say." I still said nothing, and the dead apples fell. "It's so shaming," she said. "Oh, you needn't worry about Mr. Smatterby," said the manager, giving me a condescending nod.

GOOD NEWS FOR SWIMMERS

One improvement which should please the Lytham St. Annes Amateur Swimming Club is being carried out at Lytham Baths. The women's cubicles down one side of the bath have been removed and are being replaced by two rows of seats.

Lytham St. Annes Express

Rush seats?

Cat on a Red Brick Roof

By GUY DEGHT

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Shermont, "I remember you. You came to see me a year ago with a play about a man who just didn't fit in. George something."

"Jim," said I, "Jim Rompers was the character's name. You told me to scrap the play and write another. Something that you can put on in the West End for a long run. Here it is, Mr. Shermont."

"Let's have a look at it."

"Exactly to your specifications. Every line guaranteed to suit your requirements. May I read you my notes of our interview a year ago? 'Happy Engl. family, Cotswolds or so. Money no object, though all v. poor, taxation, etc. County, but cocaine, etc., permissible in distant relatives. Read early Coward. Sunshine through french windows. Trusted retainers. Mother dithery, but in end knows best; father in City. Son in love with u.-crust popsy; daughter preg. (not before end of Act I). Aunt Agatha knows all (instinct.), solves all problems. Old people wiser than young, though brought up in Age of Plenty.

Read Rattigan. Tea served in Act II. When in doubt, light cigarette. Get laughs middle each Act; step up human injustice before each curtain. Keep breezy. When you think enough schmalz, turn on more schmalz. Read Esther McCracken. One set, ten characters max. (4 m. 6 f. best). And that's my play in a nutshell, Mr. Shermont."

"Not a hope."

"I—I beg your—"

"The dialogue is fluent enough, I can see that. But that plot! And those characters! Who is this Mrs. Wheeler who keeps on saying 'As I used to say to my 'usband, deceased?'"

"A charwoman."

"Don't be silly. There are no charwomen."

"But you told me to—"

"Not a hope. This play has no guts. And you can't do it without any guts these days."

"There is nothing in my notes about—"

"Oh, do me a favour and put away

those notes. They're out of date and you're out of touch. Can't you sense the Problems of To-day?"

"Well, from what I know about life they are mainly financial."

"Life has nothing to do with it. Don't you go to the theatres?"

"To tell you the honest truth, I can't afford to."

"Well, that's why you don't know how it feels to be really poor."

"So you want me to write about the working classes?"

"What? With the American rights in the offing? No, no, no. When I say 'the poor' I mean the really poor: the middle class, of course. What the audience like to see is a chap cocking a snook at something they daren't cock a snook at. Somebody who tells the boss what to do with his job. Somebody who kicks his wife in the teeth. Does a navy cock a snook at anything worth cocking snooks at? Does he throw up his job? Does he kick his wife in the teeth?"

"Occasionally."

"Yes, but for practical purposes, and that's different. The frustrated intellectual does these things on principle—it's the only privilege that remains to the middle class. The Rebellion of the Intelligentsia is on the way."

"A rebellion against what?"

"Frustration, of course."

"And how can that be helped?"

"By shouting, it seems. Generally guts. To survive, the theatre has to be virile."

"I have six children."

"Appealing to my better nature won't get you anywhere. I can't put on your silly family comedy. It's as dead as last season's Anouilh."

"You want something like Brecht?"

"He was all right, except that I can't pronounce his name. But you had better lay off composite sets; they're for foreigners. You stick to the old sizeable room, with a lot of furniture in it and a few intellectuals to shout at each other. Make them shout a lot; it gives the play class, and besides I get fewer complaints that the actors are inaudible. To be on the safe side, have a psychiatrist handy to explain the shouting to the more fastidious in the audience. Remember, Freud was reborn on his hundredth birthday. And



mention Kierkegaard, will you? A good literary namesdropper never gets told off for being obscure—no critic is game to admit that he hasn't the faintest idea what the namesdropper is talking about."

"But won't the audience get bored with all those names?"

"They can always think that Kafka is a character who doesn't come on until Act III."

"Thank you, Mr. Shermont. From what you told me just now I conclude that you want me to dig out the play that you rejected a year ago because, I quote, 'people are not interested in the impotent moaning and ranting of egg-headed failures.'"

"Who said that?"

"You did. A year ago."

"Have you still got that play?"

"Yes. And Jim Rompers, the hero, is just the kind of character you're looking for: a slum-boy who grew up into a slum-man without ever leaving the slum."

"Bah! Does a slum-boy need a psychiatrist? Can't a slum-boy fit into this age? I told you that your man must be an intellectual."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Shermont—my slum isn't the slum you're thinking about. Oh, no! Jim Rompers was brought up in the hard school of professional life in Earl's Court. Think of

the privations and repressions that this sensitive youngster was subjected to in the constant struggle to keep up appearances! He was never the same after being left alone to entertain a titled relative in the drawing-room while his parents remonstrated with the bailiffs at the front door. Against the oppressive background of such sordid realities, frustration followed upon frustration. Rejected by the West Kensington Communist Youth Group, and spurned by débutantes, he trudged through the waste land of Tewkesbury University. It made him tough. I assure you, Mr. Shermont, my Jim can shout louder than any other Jim in the business, and the second curtain falls upon his beating his fiancée within an inch of her life. My Jim carries his own slum around with him. He is a *Weltschmerz*-merchant with a general grudge against mankind."

"I think you're on to something good. Plenty of names?"

"Masses. And only the best current ones. I take the *Observer* every week. But if you think the play needs rewriting I can easily chuck in an extra Kierkegaard or two."

"What is the dialogue like? I mean, is it written in anger?"

"Mr. Shermont, I hate blowing my own trumpet, but it's positively paroxysmal. And I had it vetted by a



"It's rumoured she's to be made a D.B.E. for her services to Croquet."

well-known professor of literature to make sure that there isn't a word of poetry in it. Why, in places it is even ungrammatical!"

"Well, I don't want to speak too soon, but I think you may congratulate me. I have an idea that I have discovered a new theatrical genius."

Wake Up at the Front, There!

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

YOU must have read about the man who was gaoled last week for refusing to sweep up a dining-room in a re-establishment centre at Henley-in-Arden. But what else do you know of these places? Their purpose, as someone explained at the hearing, is to refamiliarize with the idea of work certain citizens who are bone idle and have lost interest in it, and they "house some of the most work-shy people in the country." But what goes on there, under the shadow of the National Assistance Act?

I have made it my business to find out.

Unfortunately I was unable to gain entry to the Henley-in-Arden centre as no one answered the bell, though several men in cloth caps peered at me listlessly through the front windows. I therefore moved on a few miles to the next one,

at Wragfoster-on-Chine. "You can't miss the house," said the bus-conductor as I alighted. "There'll be a lot of fellows asleep in the drive."

There were.

The Warden, a Commander Thickbite, gave me an enthusiastic welcome. It was time, he said, that the work of the centres was more widely known. "Of course, the case you read about was exceptional. Gentle persuasion is our method. I expect there was more in that dining-room business. May have been wilful gravy-spraying, something of that kind. You always get the odd troublemaker." He led me down a stone corridor. Here and there a man sat slumped on a bench, and the Warden picked up a dismantled flashlight which

had rolled from the hand of one of them. "Electrician's mate," he explained. "We're gradually coaxing him back."

He threw open a door. In a half circle round a switched-off television receiver a handful of men dozed in leather armchairs. "Sort of infants' class, new in," said the Commander. "Presently one of them will stir himself and switch the set on. That means that one hundred per cent inertia is overcome. Then the rest will catch on—adjust the brightness and so forth." A man near the door held out a limp hand to us, as if in palsied greeting. The Commander stepped forward and matter-of-factly wound up the cheap wrist-watch. "Like babies at first," he said, and led on briskly.

"This is where they'll come next,"

he said, opening a second door. It was a larger room, rather like a small museum. Tools of various kinds were set out. I turned the label on one. It read "SPADE. A broad-bladed digging implement for moving earth, gravel, etc., from place to place." A diagram above it demonstrated various types of grip, with a technical note on the dynamics of leverage. The display ranged widely—blow-lamps, wash-leathers, milk-bottle carriers, putty, scaffold-poles, rolls of hat-check tickets. "The first time in here it's a shock for them." The Warden straightened the diagram over a ball-cock. "We don't expose them to it for more than five minutes, and then under medical supervision. It's wonderful the progress they make after a visit or two. Sometimes they'll even come in of their own accord and stand looking at a mattock or tyre-lever. It's most encouraging."

"I see there's a notice up saying 'Do Not Touch?'"

"Ah, well. Can't risk a relapse at this

stage," said the Warden. "Now I expect you'll want to see a few classrooms."

We branched off down a matted passage, almost falling over a heavy, red-haired man leaning against the wall. The Warden stopped. "Well, Pilkington?" he said, and removing the man's National Health spectacles, polished them and put them back on the thick nose. Pilkington nodded but said nothing. "Gets emotional over something or other," explained Commander Thickbite, sweeping on, "and his glasses steam up. He's ex-TV Room, but not yet strong enough to see the implement display."

Form One, he told me, was not worth a lot of our time, but we put our heads round the door. Half a dozen men were shambling in a rough circle past an instructor who offered each of them a buff envelope. Some accepted, some ignored them. The Warden chuckled at my perplexity. "Supposed to be pay-packets. My staff calls this the 'Friday

class.' Once they summon up the energy to take a pay-packet the tissues begin to loosen all up the arm. Then we're on the way. Now then, something a little more advanced."

In the next room an instructor was dismantling and naming the parts of a yard-brush. Gay diagrams round the walls showed various lift and tip methods with dust-bins. Several students slept. One had a boiled egg in front of him, and the Warden explained that men were expected to break their own eggs at breakfast, but this man had pleaded tiredness, and would have to take it everywhere with him until he made the effort. "That may seem stern, but he'll do it in time; after that he'll have no more trouble; may even go on to kippers."

We went into several more rooms, progressively active. In one a student was actually arguing with the instructor about the correct consistency of glue. "He'll graduate next week," said my guide. "Just a practical test—making a box, you know, or erecting a length of chicken-wire."

The drone of instructors' voices followed us as we retraced our steps. "Every lamp-post has a ladder-bar; prop the narrow end of the ladder . . ." "Take a portion of mortar on the blade of the trowel . . ." "Coal is a black, combustible, carbonaceous rock . . ."

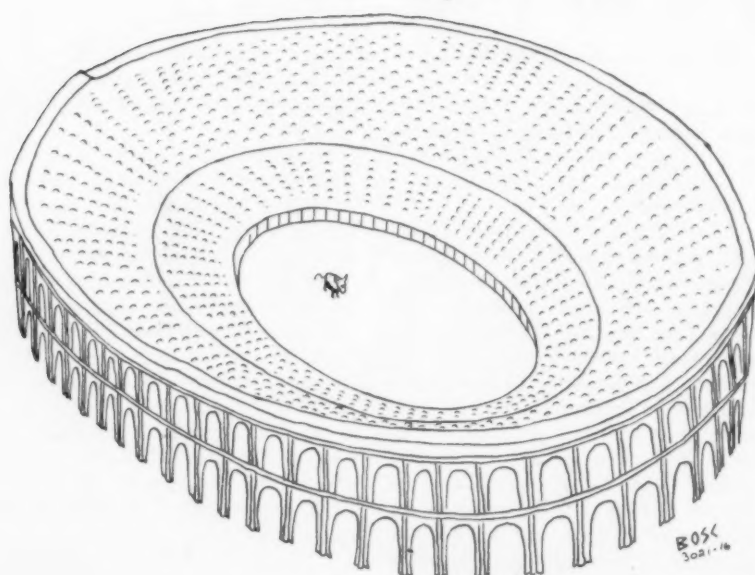
I thanked the Warden warmly as we shook hands in the pale sunlight. "One last question: what are all these men asleep in the drive?"

They were graduates, he said, with Certificates of Re-establishment in their pockets. They could leave.

"Then why don't they?"

He sighed, and seemed to sag. I saw that he was older than I had thought.

"On strike," he said.



NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will be the

AUTUMN NUMBER

containing 38 pages

including four in full colour.

The third in the series of portraits
by RONALD SEARLE will appear
on October 3.

The Story of Otis

(It has been discovered by poultry experts at Michigan State University that hens are very sensitive to any form of discourtesy.)



THE tale of Otis Quackenbush is one I think you ought to hear, So I'll relate it (and I'll try to keep it fairly short, too) here. To make a fortune he essayed, as often people do essay, By raising fowls in Michigan, a portion of the U.S.A. At first the venture prospered and the eggs were large and numerous. "Hot diggety dog!" said Otis, who was often rather humorous,

"If things go on the way they are I'll soon, I shouldn't wonder, wear, To keep off chills, ten-dollar bills as spring and summer underwear." He spoke too soon. One afternoon the hens refused to lay for him, Which meant of course a marked decrease in what's called take-home pay for him. Inside the coop each day he'd scoop to find an egg, but was it there? Now to, now fro, he searched, but no albuminous deposit there.

He clasped his head. "This is," he said, "the darnedest thing I ever knew. I'd hoped for lots of income tax to give the Internal Revenue, And now, it seems, those golden dreams, so roseate and fair withal, Have got the axe. You can't pay tax if you have not the wherewithal." But as he moaned his lot and groaned and started in to curse it he Met a man called Hibbs who was one of the nibs at Michigan University.

He sketched the jam he was in. "I am," said he, and shyness threw aside, "On the very brink of drinking ink and thus committing suicide." Now Hibbs was a man who knew his hens as one might say from A to Z And, giving away this useful bit of friendly counsel gratis, said: "The first and foremost entry every farmer's got to stick in his Notebook is this—'There's nothing half so touchy as a chicken is'.

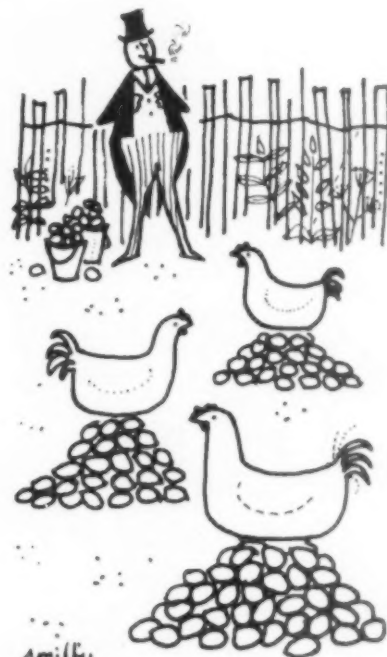
Remember, then, that every hen, young, middle-aged or hoary, 'll Take umbrage in an instant if you're brusque and dictatorial. And often in the summer months, when you were feeling dry and hot, I've heard you speak abruptly while conversing with a Wyandotte. To put it in a word," he said, his amour-propre demolishing, "Your manners, my dear fellow, need an awful lot of polishing.

Your clothes as well. They give an air of laissez-faire and messiness, And if there's one thing hens demand, it's chic and vogue and dressiness. Those overalls you're wearing now. They're muddy. Do you roll in it? And on your head you have a hat of straw that's got a hole in it. No wonder that these hens of yours are quitting work and packing up. Your looks and your deportment are in urgent need of jacking up."

And Otis said "By Jove, you're right!" A new expression lit his eyes. He wasn't one to take offence when friends began to criticize. He said "These gaping wounds which up to now have gashed my breast have healed.

Henceforward I will be a blend of Brummel and Lord Chesterfield." So now when Otis feeds his fowls he wears (and very proper, too) A morning coat, striped trousers (pressed), gloves (yellow) and a topper, too.

His mode of speech, once so abrupt, he's disciplined until it is Unlikely ever to offend the dumb chums' sensibilities. He now has kegs of splendid eggs of extra special quality, And all is gas and gaiters, not to mention joy and jollity. If ever farmer's heart was in a constant golden glow, 'tis his. It teaches us a lesson, this experience of Otis's.



P. G. WODEHOUSE

Smilby.



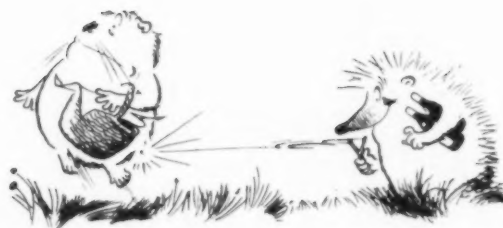
Mr. Gilbert Starding

Behold in me the common people's sage,
The Plato of the television age.
In place of wisdom, piety or grace
I offer endless prospects of my face.

HEROES OF OUR TIME — 2

PUNCH, September 19, 1956





GROVER

Killarney

By CLAUD COCKBURN

SEEMS like only about the night before last that rather over three hundred songsters of tuneful power, operating in a like number of variety houses, public houses, and—in four cases—on the public streets of Ireland, were halted dead in their renderings of the crucial bit of *How Can You Buy Killarney?* by the news that somebody just had.

The initial shock once over, everyone could see that the news was, in almost all its aspects, good.

Just for a start, it would administer the final quietus to that untruthful song, which had been boring everyone shockingly for years.

Secondly, this American, James Stuart Robertson, was paying for it, naturally, in dollars—which was reassuring to those who sometimes wondered just how much a priceless national heritage, merely to contemplate the sale of which would mark the contemplator as a dastard, soulless and sordid beyond imagining, might actually fetch in terms of hard currency.

It means there must be a market somewhere for the Isle of Innisfree, Galway Bay and the deathless Spirit of '98.

Finally, it appears certain that life is going to be ameliorated all round by the introduction of an exacerbating topic which, properly nursed by newspapers, County Councillors, Tourist Boards, Idealists and Realists, can be made to last for years.

Because either this Robertson is going to hang on to his purchase of this bit of Ireland's inalienable glory, and even—as is rumoured—"develop" it in some way, and in that case he is the thin end of a wedge and the next thing you know there'll be a skyscraper on the Hill of Tara. What, sir, is the Government doing to halt the remorseless advance of commercialism?

Or else, as has been reported, he is contemplating a profitable re-sale, trafficking—no less—in gems of beauty enshrined in the hearts of millions, playing fast and loose with dreams not to be reckoned, sir, in dollars and cents. What, sir, does our apparently supine Government propose to do about it?

There was, admittedly, a somewhat *mauvais quart d'heure* following some-

one's rather ill-judged suggestion that, to prevent Killarney's lakes being sold for loathsome dollars, the money to pay the Kenmare death duties—initial cause of all the crisis—should be raised locally—at any rate in Ireland.

After a decent and only mildly embarrassing pause, this proposal was rightly seen as thoroughly unsound, and now Mr. R. is actually in possession. With some idea, one supposes, of what is laughingly called "dismaying local criticism," he almost immediately had a photograph taken of himself riding what seemed to be a very local horse.

Practically an old Irish squireen from the Florida real-estate territory.

Possibly because he had this folksy horse up his sleeve he had already written to the Prime Minister to say that in his personal opinion people ought to pay more than sixpence as admission fee to certain sections of the estate.

"If," he said, "people can afford to fly over here from America, they can afford to pay more than seven cents toll." The increase could be used to benefit local charities.

The noise which followed, as people who had hitherto been crowded out of the act now elbowed their way in shouting that a penny on the toll would be a blow from which the tourist trade and the Soul of Ireland would never recover, indicated that insufficient numbers had fallen for the horse.

Inevitably, it was then announced that Mr. Robertson was now going to buy the Blarney Stone. Mr. Robertson seems not to have grasped that he was thus putting himself at the tail of a queue of about two hundred Americans who have tried and failed to buy the Blarney Stone. The representative of an American TV outfit became so excited that he sought urgently to acquire just a tiny piece of the Stone to put in a TV show.

This was refused, but the owners gave him instead a little bit of stone which had dropped off the wall of the castle in which the Blarney Stone itself is embedded.

With the prospect of having a thing like that to peer at, American viewers look like being in for a thoroughly exciting winter. In fact it will probably put the final skids under the film

business and Child Education—not to mention literature and health. You can't expect the kiddies to do their homework or go to bed when by so doing they might miss seeing a bit of stone which isn't the Blarney Stone but has been near it for quite a while.

With or without the Blarney Stone, it seems likely that Mr. Robertson is settled as a permanent feature of Killarney's lake district, like souvenir carvings of leprechauns, the manufacture of which is understood to have been snatched this year from the Japanese by a factory in Dortmund or Dusseldorf.

Since nature increasingly imitates art, it is now fairly apparent to every cinema-goer that there are only a limited number of things that can now happen to Mr. Robertson.

It can be that native resentment will seethe, dark threats be made, and there will be a spectacular barn-burning scene, with pikes, which is what the Irish are armed with.

This, however, will not ultimately prove disastrous to the Robertson interests, because quite likely there will be some kind of epidemic of disease, and some friend of Mr. R.'s—at any rate a fellow-American—who is a



"How d'you expect me to learn with you holding on?"

beautiful female doctor with cool hands, will put her medical science at the disposal of the natives and save the life of the infant son of Seamus O'Mahoney, ringleader of the disaffected, who will perceive that there's good in Americans after all and make a speech to his followers urging them to realize that in this modern world of ours it's co-operation that counts, don't you see, fellahs? Quite possibly Robertson will finance Seamus for a year's medical study at John Hopkins University, Baltimore, so that he and the Doc can come back and run clinics together.

On the other hand it may be that the girl, who in this case does not have cool hands but has instead hot, smouldering

eyes and is full of resentment, is a County Councillor, leading public opinion in revolt against the alien intruder, callous of local tradition.

Pikes are sharpened, and the insurance company is threatening to raise the premium on the barns. But some young member of the Robertson entourage—it says in the paper that he has four friends with him—has been secretly learning to speak Gaelic, drink stout, play the harp and understand the rules of hurling.

On Fair Day he displays all these accomplishments with such success that the girl—Maureen O'Mahoney—perceives that there's good in Americans after all and makes a speech to her

followers urging them to realize that what this modern world of ours needs is co-operation, don't you see, fellahs?

All cheer.

The Gaelic scholar, whom everyone thought was called Schmittburger, discovers in an ancient vault (the existence of which is revealed to him by Maureen, who has second sight and all that goes with it) documents proving that his true name is Boru and his ancestors were kings of Killarney in the olden time.

The insurance company relaxes and Maureen and Boru run the County Council in harmony ever after.

Anyway, Robertson looks like being perfectly safe after a couple of barneys and vicissitudes, unless of course the thing gets into the hands of the wrong Director, in which case he may end up smuggling marijuana into the district in jaunting cars and be carried off finally by Men in White, screaming that he is Lord Castlerosse.

Aux Pieds de Mademoiselle

C'EST curieux that mademoiselle,
Sans beauté and sans youth
as well

Should have so very much to tell
Of things relating to the heart.
Roman de cœur, roman de fée,
Of both of these elle tient la clef,
And dangling from her poitrine vierge,
Black bombazined, comme concierge,
Her pince-nez, virgin unrimmed glass,
Perplex, intrigue, provoke her class.
Could it be they, might one suppose
Which colour toute sa vie en rose?
Of things pertaining to the heart
One would not think pince-nez a part.

Pourtant we none of us excel
The strange insight of mademoiselle
Despite our youth, despite as well
Our dawning interest in sex.
Enfin, of that one must confess
With better sight we see much less
Than mademoiselle who sans one kiss
Perceives the raptures that we miss.
We ask ourselves, should we en fête
Confine our poitrines too in jet,
Procure ourselves, perhaps, pince-nez
And cause to bloom our rose manquée?
So many things provoke, perplex
La jeune fille sans a pair of specs.

EVELYN ROCHE





The New American Nights

By LORD KINROSS

DALLAS, TEXAS

EAST, in America, is East, and West is West, and Texas, occupying in its own eyes all of the North American continent but a fraction set aside for the United States, Canada, and Mexico, prevents the twain from meeting. Texas has capitalized bombast as Aberdeen avarice. If all its steers were one he could stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, his hind feet in Hudson's Bay and his horns in the moon; if all its hogs were one he could dig the Panama Canal with three roots and a grunt. Its cotton crop would make a mattress which all the world could lie on at once; the juice of its tomatoes would float a battleship and leave enough for all America to drink to the health of Texan garlic (the strongest in the world). And now Texas farmers

complain that when they drill for water they keep striking oil—which the cattle can't drink.

The bus was all but empty as we crossed the Texan frontier: here was a land where all have cars of their own. Past the motels and the gas stations and the drive-in cinemas for family carloads, we drive into the fabled city of Houston—home, says its guide-book, of six hundred millionaires.

In the all-but-empty bus station was a rocking-horse, which would-be cowboys might ride for a dime in the slot. On the street corner newspapers, untended, were selling themselves for a nickel—an "honor rack," but who in Texas is tempted by nickels? Above me loomed a skyscraper without windows, then another, then a third in which cars were parked up to the fifteenth storey.

The new American Nights, it soon became clear, are spent not in fabulous cities but in fabulous suburbs. The apotheosis of America is no longer in the super-skyscraper, with or without windows, but in a super-Suburbia, unsurpassed in all the world. The nation is looking outwards, not upwards. The Mayor of Houston looks forward to the day when its suburbs will spread for fifty miles in all directions—and so do its dealers in real estate. In such a millionaires' paradise do the Pashas of Texas live cosily side by side, enjoying a refinement undreamed of in previous ages.

Their one-storeyed houses, the right size for a family, stand, discreetly Georgian, Spanish-American, contemporary, amid communal lawns, well-trimmed, well-shaded, spreading down

to a glossy black six-lane highway and an elegant parkway beyond. Their rooms, miraculously air-conditioned, are so cool that the ladies no longer require summer frocks, and the male visitor, coming in from the sun-heated Texan air, reaches involuntarily for his coat. Their garages (air-conditioned) contain only the cars (air-conditioned) which a family requires—one for master, one for mistress, one maybe for both, one for the boys to drive themselves to school. Their kitchens, equipped at the cost of thousands of dollars, are the most splendid yet known to man.

Next evening the new American Nights materialized in the fabulous environment of the River Oaks country club (entrance fee £1,200, subscription ten guineas a month). Great plate-glass windows, Texas-size, looked out on to a golf-course, the lights like stars on the ballroom ceiling reflected outwards in perspective far into the night, creating a looking-glass landscape which mirrored the rooms, converting trees into Christmas trees, and greens into starlit carpets. In rooms opulent as Texas-size film sets, families, fresh from the bandbox, their complexions, coiffures, clothes more immaculate than in any mere

advertisement, proclaimed their Togetherness. ("When Pop pitches junior a slow one, that's fun—and togetherness.") In decorous intimacy they talked and played, eating and drinking steaks and Bourbon, malted milks and ice cream, the music of Hollywood swelling around them with the Highest Fidelity.

The club, country or town, is the palace of the new American Pasha—maybe a Chinese palace, like the Petroleum Clubs of Houston and Dallas; a submarine palace, like the Town Club of Corpus Christi, all dark and ice-cold amid tropical greenery, its glass walls finely engraved with the fishes of the ocean and the signs of the Zodiac; a Blackamoor Room, like the City Club of Fort Worth, a city of a mere hundred and twenty millionaires, where real blackamoors wait, without apparent embarrassment, amid Baroque effigies, gilded and stylized, of their eighteenth-century forbears. In Dallas members of the Petroleum Club like to show off on the sly the ladies' rest room, a boudoir fit for any Sultan's harem, with red plush upholstery and furnishings of plastic glass.

Their temple remains, faithfully, the Church. "Dial-a-Prayer," reads a

notice on the flyleaf of the telephone directory. "TE 2146. A prayer there 24 hours a day." "Go to Church," reads a notice by the gas station. The Presbyterians sold theirs for a million to the Five and Ten Cent Store. But they are building another, Texas-size. The Baptists are building one for two million, big enough to hold three thousand worshippers, but, in an unworldly spirit, have omitted to provide a parking-lot for their cars.

Side by side stand the temples of Mammon. FIDELITY, UNION, LIFE reads an illuminated message, Texas-size, high up in the heavens at the entrance to the city of Dallas. It is the message of a great insurance company, housed in the newest skyscraper. Hospitality in Houston, Texas-size, involved a visit to a great new (windowless) bank—the Bank of the Southwest. "Our bank family of some 500 friendly people joins me in extending to you a warm welcome to our new banking home," the gala invitation ran.

From the great façade of polished porphyry, with its soaring tower of silver and glass, only one adornment was missing—a symbolic and monumental sculptural relief. Having paid the fee (£20,000) the directors



HARRY SMITH

discovered, only just in time, that the sculptor had Communist leanings. Beneath the empty space twenty great glass doors swung open into the Rotunda. Thence a ramp of swift and silent stairways moved up into the great pillared Olympian precinct, rich with multi-coloured marbles from all the world: Negro Marquina and Rose Alhambra from Spain, American Imperial Black, White Georgia, Tennessee Filetto Rosso. And here, "painted by one of the truly great artists of our century—perhaps of all centuries"—(a Mexican better disposed, it seems, to the capitalist system)—was a mural, Texas-size, symbolizing the abundance of America and the melting, elsewhere less familiar, of the American and Indian races.

Beneath it hostesses, hand-picked for their beauty and groomed to perfection, received and guided guests and clients with the welcoming smiles and caressing tones of those well versed in Charm. The longest line of tellers in Texas, behind glass, served their material needs, together with smiling executives, seated in chairs of scarlet and black, at desks of the rarest inlaid woods, each adorned with a vase or a golden urn of exotic tropical flowers. A tropical plant was indeed given away to each housewife who opened an account, together with "1003 Household Hints and Worksavers" to help her beat the high cost of living.

Eager customers were shepherded by hostesses down the aisles and into the offices, gazing into the Trust Department, with the largest carpet in the United States; the Directors' Conference Room, built of creamed Italian marble, with lemon-yellow curtains and white kid sofas and chairs upholstered in the softest white hand-woven wool, its artificial windows flooded with artificial daylight, its folding doors concealing a cinema screen, a pair of scales on its table weighing silvered pineapples and scarlet lilies against blackened grapes and white ones; the drive-in motor bank, where motorists could drive up to the first floor and cash cheques or make deposits without leaving the driving seat. But the main centre of pilgrimage was a glass case, placed in a position of honour, surrounded by a rail, with the citizens leaning over it in solemn, wide-eyed congestion. Within it was a tower, some ten feet high, composed of a million dollars in notes.



"Excuse me—can you tell me the time of the next train?"

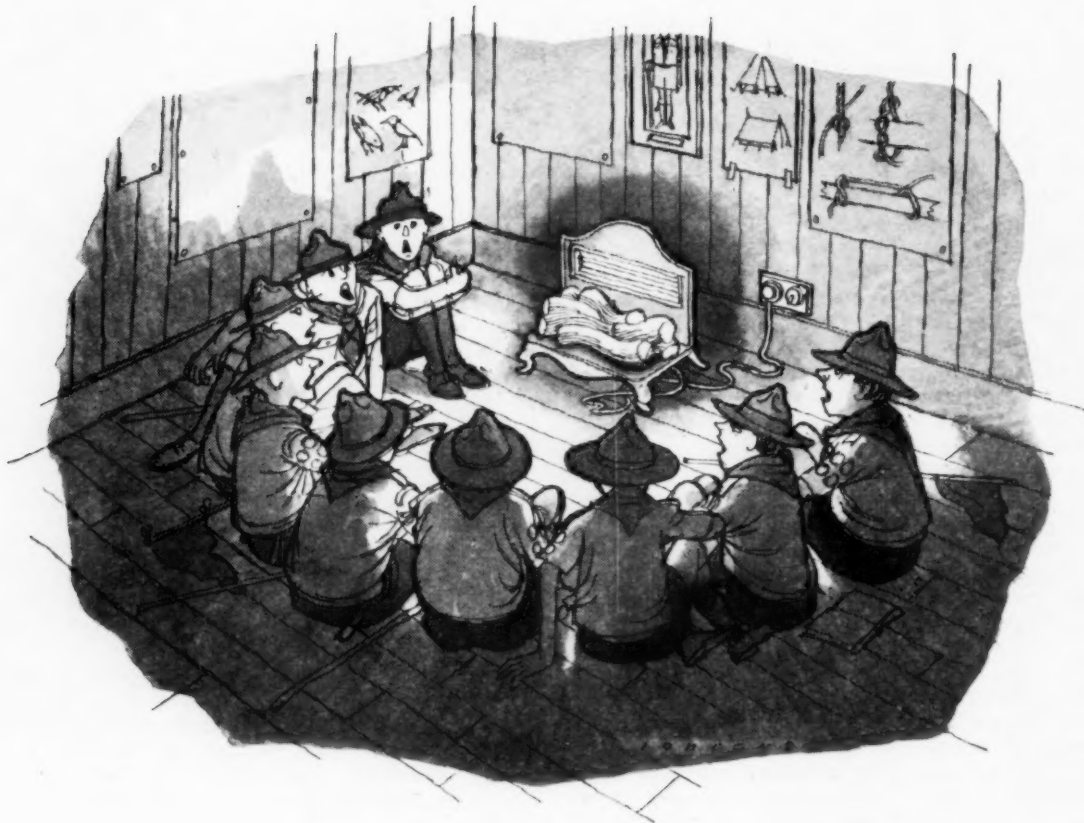
Discreetly concealed in the ceiling was a covering machine-gun.

Hospitality, Texas-size, has refreshed me from a private ice-cream soda fountain by the banks of a private swimming pool. By the banks of another it has dried me with "VIP towels," interwoven with golden thread. It has borne me in a private yacht down the Houston River, Texas-made, to marvel at the oilfields and refineries, factories and mills and chemical plants now gracing its once grassy banks, thence to the world's tallest monument, celebrating the world's most decisive battle (when Texas got most of America); in a private aeroplane to the King Ranch, with its million acres, where bulls as big as elephants, bred from Brahmans and Britishers, enjoy the world's largest harems of cows rounded up for them by the world's swiftest horses to produce the world's largest steaks; in the world's largest car, air-conditioned and hi-fi'd, down the world's largest four-lane freeway (forty miles, half an hour, 120,000 cars a day) to the beaches and pleasure-dromes of Galveston. Here, after bathing off rocks painted in pastel shades, the Pashas are served, in a Balinese setting, with turkeys impaled on flaming swords and sugar cakes lit with fireworks, proceeding afterwards to fling a few of their

millions to the winds of the Gulf of Mexico at tables of poker and craps and roulette.

At other times, other tables—the counters of the fabled Fifty and Hundred Dollar Store of Neiman-Marcus, in Dallas. Here a vitrine similar to that in the Bank contains a million dollars'-worth of diamonds. At Christmas-time, as a front window display, they were hung round the neck of a tiger, with the addition of a ruby on his nose and a £150,000 solitaire between his eyes. The jewels remained momentarily unsold, but a small boy made an offer for the tiger. Texans, window-shoppers in the literal sense, like to save themselves trouble by buying whole window displays outright. One, sentimentally inclined, fell in love with a child wax model, and week after week bought all the clothes off her back to give to a favourite grandchild.

Mink is the basic garb of the Texan Pasha's lady—mink coats up to £15,000 apiece, mink stoles, for a mere £1,000, to protect her against the regions of air-conditioning—a wardrobe maybe of twenty-five pieces of mink for all Texan occasions. Devotedly, throughout the length and breadth of America, these little animals are reproducing themselves to please her, in an ever-changing variety of colours from brown to black



to white to silver, Cerulean to Sapphire, Royal Pastel to Palamino, Desert Sand to Autumn Haze. Less prolifically, alas! a rare Peruvian llama is doing the same, that the soft wool of its underbelly may provide her, and her Pasha, with an annual vicuna coat, downier than cashmere or camel-hair.

Thanks to oil and gas and cotton and cattle and Neiman-Marcus, the Pasha's lady may deck herself in £1,000 brocaded gowns, £100 hats, glittering with semi-precious stones, glass slippers at £30 the pair. She may sleep beneath mohair blankets at £50 the pair, eat off an embroidered luncheon set at £120, beautify herself with a £10 lipstick, carry a £250 white calf handbag, travel with £1,500 worth of alligator luggage, ice the drinks of her friends from a leather bucket on wheels costing £135, supply her pet lion with an electric comforter, and collect charitable donations from fellow-millionairesses in a golden pomegranate studded with semi-precious stones.

She dresses her Pasha meanwhile in silks and satins, smooth silken jackets for the evenings with satin facings and satin cummerbunds, "Bosom-fronted" shirts pleated and embroidered and ruffled from the finest lawns and Sea Island voiles; jackets of rough tweeded silk for the golf-course, leisure coats of many colours and a 24-carat gold tie hand-loomed, from thread of gold and scarlet silk, in the Indies. For their homely suburban family Christmas there may be "a gigantic brandy snifter containing several gallons of frothy lingerie, cashmere sweaters and jewelled blouses" or "a Christmas cocktail constructed out of a huge champagne glass holding a £10,000 mutation mink coat frosted with a necklace or two and a bottle of perfume."

And so it goes on. Only the old-time banker points out sceptically that his pile of bad cheques has risen from half an inch to three inches. But Texas laughs at such reactionary conservative doubts.

Employers' Hymn

The Pope has proclaimed S. Zita of Lucca as the patron saint of women domestic workers.

O ZITA, Santa Zita,
Be strong on our behalf;
Pour down your gracious blessing
On all domestic staff.

On Germans and Italians,
On Irish and on Poles,
And wealthy daily women
With silver fox-fur stoles.

Shield them from burns in kitchens
And Teddy-boys in parks
And cuts on jagged bits of tin
And loud electric sparks.

And Zita, Santa Zita,
To whom the housemaids pray,
Grant them the gift of patience and
Encourage them to *stay*.

B. A. YOUNG



WHEN a Power is in retreat there comes a point when, if anything is to be saved, its Government must say "So far and no farther." Having chosen its ground to stand, whether it is the best ground or not, it must stand there or surrender unconditionally. It might be argued in theory whether in 1939 it was any great concern of ours who owned the Danzig corridor. The argument was irrelevant. Everyone knew that we went to war not for love of the Danzig corridor but because this was the test issue which would prove whether Hitler would stop anywhere or not.

It is so to-day with Suez. A month ago Mr. Gaitskell and Sir Anthony Eden and the whole House of Commons were agreed that Colonel Nasser had seized the Suez Canal "by force" and that if he was allowed to "get away" with this act of aggression his prestige would be such that, as Mr. Edelman said from the Labour benches on Wednesday and the Prime Minister repeated on Thursday, there would be no way of stopping him from the fulfilment of his confessed ambition to make himself master of the whole Arab world. The only question was how he could be stopped.

Last week Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Robens and the Socialist party voted that we should submit the dispute to the

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

Security Council and "refrain meanwhile from any form of provocative action." But everybody knows that owing to the veto the United Nations is very unlikely to be able to make any positive recommendation for action and that therefore a policy of taking no action except through the United Nations would be, in fact, a policy of leaving Colonel Nasser in possession. Mr. Gaitskell's assertion that "time is on our side" is singularly unconvincing if we are going to take no action at all against him in the meanwhile. No one who has read his writings can seriously doubt that if left in possession of the Canal—an act which the Socialist resolution itself admits to be an act of aggression—he will follow it up at a convenient time with an overt attack on Israel. The argument that Colonel Nasser has not as yet done anything as monstrous as Hitler did is also singularly unconvincing. The whole purpose of taking action now is to deal with the situation before it has become wholly monstrous.

But on the other hand Mr. Gaitskell showed some sense in asking whether military force could solve the problem. An attack on the Canal, even if immediately successful and if there were none of the extensions of hostilities which there is so much reason to fear, could hardly lead to anything but the destruction of the Canal, whether by Egyptian sabotage or by British bomb. Having got there, what could our troops do but come away again?

On Wednesday it looked as if the difference between the two sides was quite sundering and that each side stood for an extreme as absurd and suicidal as the other. It was not unreasonable to think from Mr. Gaitskell's speech that the Socialists meant what they said and that we should do literally nothing while the Security Council was chewing over its debates. It was not unreasonable to think that Sir Anthony's "other means" implied that we would be quite prepared to "shoot our way through the Canal" if the Users' Association was turned down. Happily Thursday showed that neither side really meant what it had said. Mr. Gaitskell was quite prepared with Mr. Dulles to send tankers round the Cape while the dispute

was being argued, and it seemed pretty clear that, while expensive and inconvenient, such a policy with American help forthcoming would not be nearly as ruinous as had at first been suggested. It would certainly be a great deal less expensive and inconvenient than war. And on the other hand Sir Anthony was prepared to pay the respect to world opinion of an appeal to the Security Council and had no immediate intention of shooting, even if quite rightly he was not prepared to give an absolute pledge that in no circumstances would we resort to force.

That being so, while on Wednesday the nation seemed irrevocably divided, on Thursday it was difficult to see why a division was necessary at all. Whether Sir Anthony had merely been misunderstood on Wednesday, whether it was Sir Lionel Heald who was responsible for his new caution, or whether, as Mr. James Griffiths said, it was Mr. Gaitskell who had extracted from him the pledge that "served and saved the nation," who knows and who cares? But if the nation was "saved" what purpose was there in proceeding to a division which advertised to the world a cleavage which by Mr. Griffiths's own admission no longer exists? On the whole the meeting of Parliament has not done as much harm as might have been feared. The Socialist conduct has made peace slightly less probable but not very much less probable.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

3 3

"SHILLONG, July 4.—Mawsynram, a growing tribal village about 30 miles from Shillong, bids fair to beat Cherrapunji's claim for heaviest rainfall in the world.

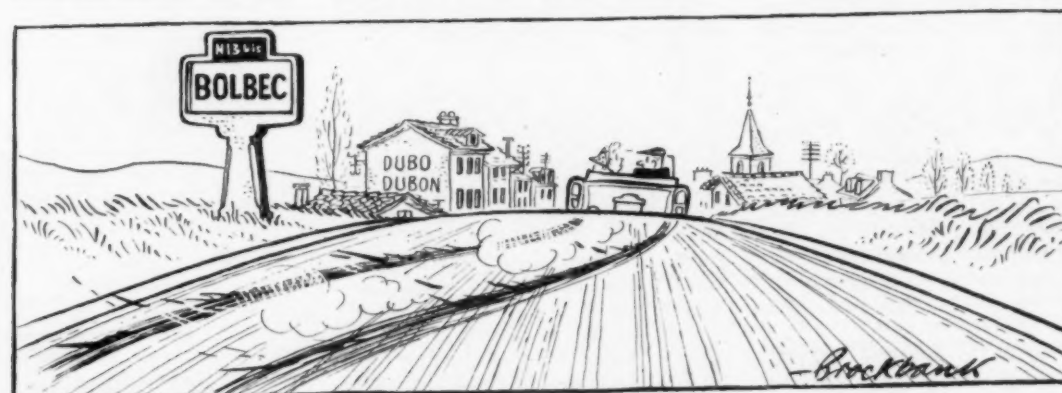
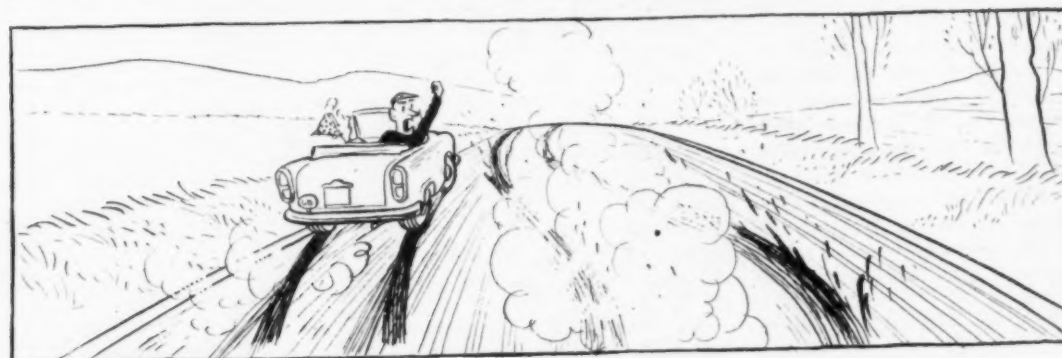
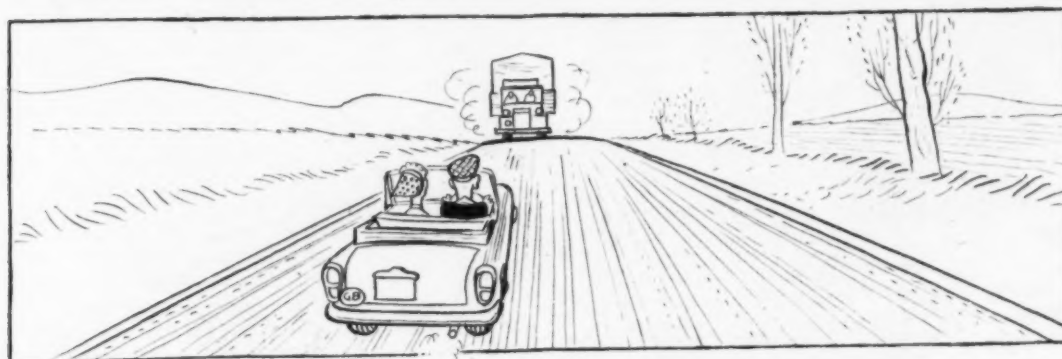
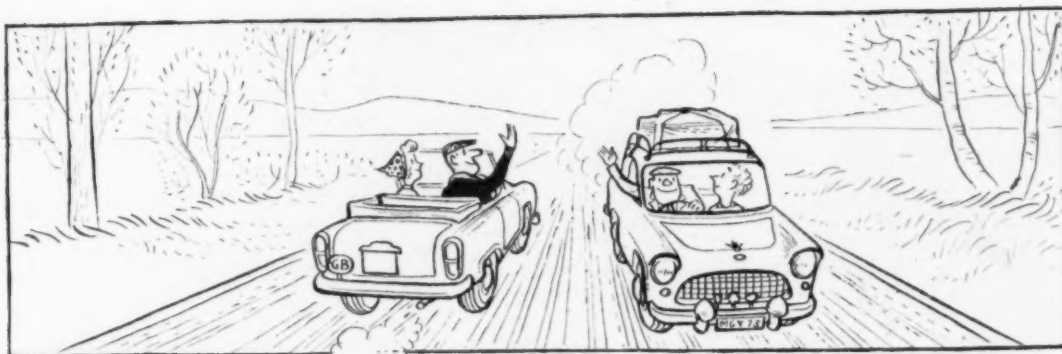
Mr. Baidyanath Mukherji, Assam's Minister for Planning, said yesterday that Mawsynram had recorded in a single month last year 265.40 inches of rainfall. During the first six months of this year the rainfall recorded in Mawsynram was 449.83 inches as against 365.66 inches in Cherrapunji.

The Minister said on June 5 Cherrapunji had a total rainfall of 37.34 inches within 24 hours—a unique record in living memory—while Mawsynram had hardly six inches. But on June 20 Mawsynram claimed 24.15 inches while for the same period Cherrapunji recorded only 9.6 inches.

An elaborate scheme to make Mawsynram attractive to tourists is now being prepared by the State Government."

Calcutta Statesman

Should make absorbing reading.





In the City

The Unions' Coffers

IT is a popular misconception that the trade unions and their leaders are fabulously wealthy. The ordinary rank and file member (that is, the worker who pays his dues but never attends a meeting) imagines that union officials live like fighting cocks, moving from luxury hotels to Board rooms and conference-halls with well-heeled lubricity, and that the accumulated funds of the unions are large enough to make giant industrial tycoons and financial freebooters green with envy.

The facts are otherwise. On the whole union officials are very badly paid. Local organizers seldom get more than £650 p.a., and only one in every twenty of the movement's general secretaries earn as much as £1,500. The union of the building trade, with nearly a hundred thousand members, pays its president and secretary just over £1,000 apiece, its branch organizers (part-time) ten shillings a week and its shop stewards—whose rake-off is five per cent of collected contributions—about eight shillings a week. These figures compare very unfavourably with the salaries of union officials in America (where John L. Lewis, the mineworkers' president, pulls down about £20,000), in Russia, Germany and other countries on the Continent; and it has been suggested, by speakers within and without the movement, that there will be no improvement in union leadership until rates of pay are improved, until the earnings of secretaries and organizers are made commensurate with their heavy responsibilities and necessary qualifications as economists, statisticians and administrators.

The prevailing rates do not attract enough of the right men to these jobs, so that office doors are left wide open to admit bureaucratic Communists and other disruptive elements. In recent years a lot of promising union material has gone over to the managerial side of

industry, and no one in his senses can doubt that this in the long run will prove damaging to the workers' aspirations, to industrial peace and economic progress.

As for union funds, it is estimated that the eight million or so members have behind them total assets of about £52 millions, much less than the riches hinted at in right-wing editorials, and less than enough to sustain the movement during a lengthy show-down. One reason for the unions' failure to salt away more substantial resources is the fact that contributions have not increased *pari passu* with inflation and the cost-of-living—a surprising example of differential policy control; another, the fact that union assets are for the most part invested in markets that have failed to keep pace with the boom in equities.

Nearly all of the unions' funds are invested in gilt-edged, British and

Commonwealth government securities, in municipal stocks and with the C.W.S. Bank. Industrials do not have much of a show in their portfolios, chiefly because overt speculation is considered undesirable, and also because the unions realize that their own policy in a dispute might be compromised by an interest in profits, yields and values.

Even so it is a mistake to suppose that the unions' assets ride aloof from the capitalist urge and the acquisitive instinct. Many of their investments take their pickings from private enterprise via the insurance companies and the banks.

Investors who take a dim view of the industrial field may care to take a long hard look at the shares of the Big Five banks. After sagging steadily these securities now show a yield of 5 per cent and more, and any recovery in gilts (this year, next year . . .) must lead to capital appreciation. MAMMON



In the Country

Dying Fall

THERE are two weeks in the year when I find the countryside too uncomfortable to live in. It's a relief then to find some reason for leaving it and living in London. Anywhere is preferable during that time.

It's not that the discomfort derives from draughts; I am inured to them. The weather cannot be blamed. Nor do the social conditions suddenly change adversely; the same gale of gossip blows then as it does throughout the rest of the year. The windows rattle the same, the chimney smokes as it always has done. But this fortnight is always unbearable: any town becomes a refuge then.

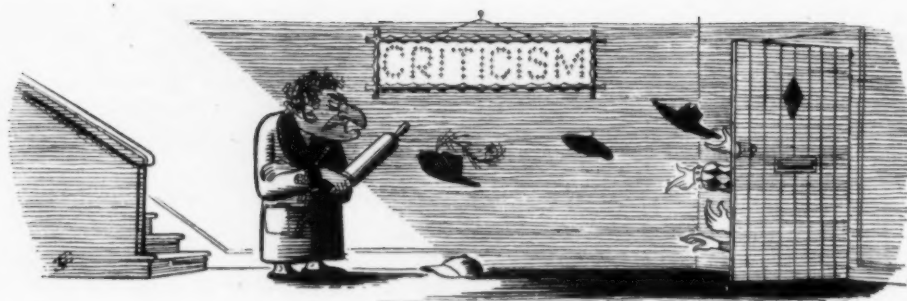
The first sign of this period is unmistakable: the morning and evening light mellow, the sharpness of summer shadows is lost and it is as though water was suspended in the air, or a veil hung over your eyes. The hedgerows get

seared and russet; the briony berries cluster conspicuously round the thorn; the poisonous cuckoo's nest stands suddenly scarlet and the brambles bend with unpicked berries. It is then that Autumn shuffles in with his slippers of leaves. The roses have gone, Michaelmas daisies predominate and everything in the garden is melancholy and mauve. Nostalgia oozes over everything; it drips from the eaves, it rises with the smoke lit from the first fire in the sitting-room.

It isn't that autumn is not beautiful. Perhaps it is that beauty is always uncomfortable and is nothing if it does not disturb. But it is not that quality alone that makes me want to pull up my stumps and run. It is the wistfulness and the feeling that homesickness pervades even the most familiar objects in one's own home.

I usually manage to stick this interlude out until sound adds its own effect to sight to complete the atmosphere of unbearable sentiment. At other times of the year I can just manage to endure the noise of the church bells. They are too monotonous to be noticed, but in autumn they suddenly become all-pervading, each peal hammering you into melancholy and splashing you with sentiment.

Fortunately, autumn in England is as brief as summer. By the time I've decided to move, it is winter again and that season provides sufficient physical discomfort to prevent one from indulging in any imaginary spiritual disquiet. RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

666

The Magician. W. Somerset Maugham.
Heinemann, 15/-

ONE or two persons stared at seeing a woman come out of that hotel in a tea-gown without a hat."

Well they might stare, for the hotel was the Carlton, the period 1907, and the lady in question fleeing from her husband who was a sorcerer. Mr. Maugham prefaces this novel—or rather thriller—which originally appeared nearly half a century ago, with a fragment of autobiography describing some of his own early days in Paris. There he had run across Aleister Crowley (1875–1947), that latter-day exponent of the Black Arts; and he used Crowley, under the name of Oliver Haddo, as model for the villain of this tale.

Mr. Maugham also tells us that on its first publication Crowley himself gave the book a full-page review in *Vanity Fair*. He adds: "I did not read it, and wish now I had. I dare say it was a pretty piece of vituperation, but probably, like his poems, intolerably verbose."

If Crowley gave *The Magician* a bad review he was behaving even worse than usual; because Mr. Maugham's story makes his prototype much that Crowley wished to be, and was not; that is to say an enormously rich Old Etonian of ancient lineage, with a beautiful ancestral home in Staffordshire, and the power of creating *homunculi*. These latter were housed in the attics of his country seat, enclosed in huge test-tubes of glass an inch thick. Sinister? A thousand times, yes! But also jolly successful; even though Haddo does eventually get strangled—on the astral plane—by a Harley Street surgeon whose fiancée he had stolen by foul means and married.

The strange thing is that the book does give rather a vivid impression of what Crowley was like; and he was

sufficient of an oddity to make a record of this kind interesting.

The son of a well-to-do brewer, who was also a Plymouth Brother, Crowley (who named himself "Aleister") tacks on to the tail-end of the 'nineties, publishing a book of "decadent" poems at Cambridge, and showing early signs of his lifelong penchant for the occult. It



seems incontrovertible that he was good at chess and mountain climbing. His other activities are fraught with discredit and contradiction. He dissipated a comfortable fortune—considerably less than Haddo's, one imagines—fairly early in life.

In his younger days he had been associated, to some small extent, with W. B. Yeats, himself always attracted by occultism; and G. K. Chesterton pronounced him an authentic poet. He called himself by various names, Lord Boleskine, Count Vladimir Svareff, The Master Therion, and The Beast 666. By the end of his life he had ceased to be *persona grata* in more than one country.

He once gave me luncheon, years and years ago, at Simpson's in the Strand, a meal at which he drank milk. His

manner was that of a general who had been removed from his command for dropping shells into his own trenches. "Crowley, I think you have got such a kind face," a well-known beauty of what is now a slightly earlier generation once said to him in the bar of a public house. That was not, strictly speaking, true. There was something ludicrous about him, especially his accent, which people used to describe as cockney, but which probably derived in truth from the manner of speech in the nineteenth century of the Nonconformist sects with which he had been brought up. However, ludicrous or not, if anybody can be described as "sinister" I think Crowley could reasonably be called so. Certainly his path was haunted by suicide and disaster.

What an odd feeling Mr. Maugham's story gives one! How we have all changed since those days; not least Mr. Maugham's own literary style. Crowley himself has crossed the river, whither bound it would be impertinent to speculate. The rest of us, hatless and tea-gownless—but no longer stared at like poor Margaret Dauncey—move through a world in which the creation of *homunculi* would now probably have to be laboriously effected through the good offices of the Health Service in a mansion given over to the National Trust.

ANTHONY POWELL

Future of the Theatre

Trends in 20th Century Drama. Frederick Lumley. Rockliff, 30/-

Mr. Lumley can write carelessly, and his criticism can be very sweeping, but at least it is critical, free from laboratory jargon and unwarped by ideology. With reason he considers the French theatre at present the most vital, though when he cites as a symptom of our native anæmia the number of foreign plays in London he should not forget the high proportion of British and American imports in Paris. He is not taken in by Brecht's "political mumbo-jumbo," nor by Soviet claims; he believes the

American theatre, now led by Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams, may have the richest future.

The soundest sections in a book which, taking the world as its oyster, is sometimes sketchy, contain perceptive essays on current French dramatists, and a discriminating but sympathetic estimate of T. S. Eliot. Strangely horrified by Godot, Mr. Lumley sees signs, especially in the return of religion to the theatre, that the cult of pessimism he finds everywhere may soon give way to something more constructive. E. O. D. K.

The Sleep of Reason. Warren Miller. *Secker and Warburg*, 10/6

The tone of this satirical novelette about McCarthyism is mannered, aristocratic, frivolous and precise. It is an Oxonian tone of bygone days completely naturalized in America and it gives to the tale of the Harvard graduate who becomes secretary to a Congressman on an Investigating Committee a distinction that is almost unknown in modern political satire. One of the most cheering signs in very recent fiction has been the re-marriage of the moral and the gay. Kingsley Amis's under-rated second novel was a straw in the same wind. Mr. Miller's hero does not become a ninny when his cynicism gives way before his conscience. His verbal dexterity and disdainful curiosity are unimpaired.

It is difficult to make fun of the farcical and a few of Mr. Miller's jokes about Congressmen sniffing after treason are corny; but even the corniness is a reminder of a threat. One of the pleasantest things about the book is that the author never prods you to show how satirical he is being. I read it with enjoyment, admiration and profit.

R. G. G. P.

Winter in Majorca. George Sand. Translated and annotated by Robert Graves. *Cassell*, 15/-

But for the historically dated and the chauvinistic passages in George Sand's witty account of her ill-starred trip to

Majorca during the crude winter of 1838-39—with her children, Chopin disguised throughout as "our invalid," and an unmentioned maid—we might be tempted to congratulate Mr. Robert Graves on sponsoring a new English writer of uncommon talent. What good stuff this is—and how vividly she reads in his admirable version! Not that there was much wrong with *Un Hiver à Majorque* in the first place; but here it is again, beautifully spruced, with a foreword, strings of footnotes, a weighty riposte by J. M. Quadrado, other excerpts, and a summary by Mr. Graves. This last explains why the wicked woman so disliked the Majorcans.

With that mystery solved we would settle down to enjoy her fine surveys of the scenery and her jibes at the islanders, if at every turn the ringmaster's whip did not flick at her haunches for shying, breaking step, or worse. Yet even constant distraction cannot detract from the signal merits of what has been called both "a dim little book very seldom read" and "one of the great travel books of literature." Nonsense! we exclaim, like a footnote by Mr. Graves: the truth lies midway between. J. H. P. M.

Before Victoria. Muriel Jaeger. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

Nothing in the bleak history of puritanism is stranger than that the leaden earnestness which we associate with the Victorians should have been a Georgian product. This scholarly and often extremely entertaining book examines the changing standards of the vital fifty years between the Royal Proclamation of 1787 Against Vice and Immorality and the accession of Victoria. Wesley had already fired the poor. The two main forces in sobering the upper classes were the new school of fanatical Sabbatarians and moral snoopers, led by Wilberforce and Hannah More, and the young bloods who, diverted from the Grand Tour by the French wars, went instead to Edinburgh and became infected with a solemn rationalism just as deadly to the free spirit of the eighteenth century.

Miss Jaeger writes with charming irony, but also with restraint. She contrives to be fair even to that monster, Thomas Bowdler, and to Mrs. Trimmer, an indomitable busybody who found Cinderella "most exceptionable" for children. E. O. D. K.

The Crazy Kill. Charles Hamblett. *Sidgwick and Jackson*, 15/-

John Huston, the film director, who contributes a friendly preface to this book and is also—under the alias of Simpson—its protagonist, attracts writers as treacle lures moths into the brown-paper trap. Miss Lilian Ross has already described, in *Picture*, the making of *The Red Badge of Courage*; an American novel contains a brilliant, though invidious, portrait of the director at



"On the contrary I think it's the lousy weather that drives man to fooling about with H-bombs."

work on *The African Queen*; and now Mr. Hamblett has written a delightfully racy account of his experiences on location.

Mr. Hamblett is an expert journalist who has chosen to cast his style in an amusing and at times acidulous parody of the Hemingway-*New Yorker* idiom; the drinking, the poker-playing, the enforced idleness, are observed and set down with enviable adroitness: especially those passages dealing with the literary tastes of all concerned ("Simpson" admires Orwell; Pinch, the leading actor, reads Proust; "You can start anywhere and still enjoy it"; the narrator discovers Kipling and spends Christmas scanning *Mr. Punch with Rod and Gun*). But the author is also a poet, with a real feeling for words under the pastiche surface. J. M-R.

A Pictorial History of Jazz. Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer, Jun. *Robert Hale*, 30/-

Jazz critics have erected a vast inverted pyramid of pseudo-technical erudition on an almost imperceptible base of musical substance. Beyond the pretentious talk about "classic" and "progressive" jazz, New Orleans style, Chicago style, bop, jive and all the rest of it, you come eventually to the cold facts that musically speaking jazz has seldom progressed

The Pick of Punch. Ed. Nicolas Bentley. *Deutsch*, 15/-

A Century of Punch. Ed. R. E. Williams. *Heinemann*, 30/-

Not in any way mutually exclusive, the *Pick* makes a judicious selection from *Punch* over the last twelve months, and the *Century* does the same (though confining itself to pictures) over a hundred and seventeen years. If in doubt which to buy, buy both.



Solution to last week's crossword

beyond "Hymns A. and M.," and that the techniques of most of the star players would show up badly in any reputable symphony orchestra.

On the other hand jazz has some intangible witchery about it which has made it a worldwide influence comparable with the tobacco habit; despite it as you please, it is a social phenomenon of importance. Its many devotees will appreciate this wonderfully comprehensive book, in which are collected action-photographs of every great American jazz-man from King Oliver to Chet Baker, against their natural backgrounds, with a brief, knowledgeable commentary. What light, if any, the book throws on the nature of the appeal of jazz is hard to say; can it be that jazz musicians have, after professional footballers, perhaps the silliest faces to be found in any community of men?

B. A. Y.

All You Young Ladies. Alan Hackney. *Gollancz*, 13 6

Though less derivative in accent and origin than *Private's Progress*, Mr. Hackney's second novel is again strongly influenced by early Evelyn Waugh, and at a further remove by Ronald Firbank. *Littérateurs* have names like Gabriel Anthony Edward à Becket Stoot (C.B.E.), Cedric Cyanide, and Crispin Dewpoint (both dramatic critics preoccupied with the work of one Jeremy Boil: Dewpoint—husband of the heroine—appears in an ensemble reminiscent of Peter Cheyney in his younger days). The young ladies of the title include, besides Lisa Dewpoint,

a blonde "bosomy" secretary called Barbara Maguire and a horse-tailed "sweet-natured" housewife who sings lullabies to her children before composing tough pseudonymous thrillers in fake-Runyonese, and ends up writing pamphlets for the Catholic Truth Society.

Though the dialogue during the love-passages ("Dear Peter," "Lovely Lisa," etc.) exemplifies the weaknesses of the author's adopted idiom, Sid Cox—resplendently reincarnated, in the brocade waistcoat of a shady financier, as Mr. Boccaccio de Cameron—expresses himself as effectively as he did in battledress. This tale of skullduggery in an imaginary Middle East sheikdom will probably provide material for screen comedy as satisfactory to British audiences as that of its predecessor.

J. M-R.



AT THE PLAY

Cymbeline (OLD VIC)
Henry V (TOYNBEE HALL)

IN the last scene of *Cymbeline* a determined investigator has counted no fewer than twenty-four dénouements. To take an average, this means that at every twentieth line somebody turns out to be somebody else, or responsible for some undetected crime or act of chivalry. Such a piling-up of complication is too much for a modern audience, and faithful though they are the Old Vic's supporters giggled shamelessly as character after character was exposed in his true light.

Imogen is, of course, what matters. She is Desdemona vindicated; shrewder than Desdemona and as loyal, suffering

the same tortures though from a flimsier man. But however high you put her in the gallery of Shakespeare's women it is hard to escape a feeling of pantomime in the absurdity of the sub-plots, where virtue shows golden and evil jet-black; and Michael Benthall has made small attempt to do so. To the irreverent mind the Queen becomes the Wicked Fairy, Iachimo (especially in the trunk scene) a Lyceum villain, the rustic brothers the Fairy Princes, Cymbeline a choleric Father Christmas, and so on until with Cloten we reach a Freudian partner for the Broker's Men, an amusing slice of character acting, but one that makes us wonder uncomfortably why Cymbeline was so anxious to pass on his kingdom to a spluttering imbecile.

This is not to suggest burlesque. The pantomime element is already there, and the more positively the minor scenes are played the more it emerges. Mr. Benthall may have asked for some of the wrong laughs, but the speed and vitality of his production do carry us successfully through very awkward country. The general level of speech at the Vic seems to have improved, and there is no scamping here of the starred lines. The wilder action of the play gains credibility, so far as it can, by moving quickly about an almost empty stage, free from amorphous bric-à-brac and offering mysterious depths which Mr. Benthall knows how to use. Woad being out, no one has ever known how to dress *Cymbeline*, and the life-jackets, Celtic jodhpurs and high spats into which Audrey Cruddas has put the Britons are strangely acceptable, as well as a good foil to the brighter colours of the Romans.

Not all of Imogen is yet in Barbara Jefford, who can be a little cool and hard, but there is directness and great sincerity in her acting. Derek Godfrey makes Iachimo enjoy his villainy, and Shakespeare's Good Men are solidly represented by Derek Francis (*Cymbeline*), Leon Gluckman (*Posthumus*), Paul Curran (*Pisanio*) and Dudley Jones (*Belarius*). The debatable Cloten is played by John Humphry.

Michael Croft has made a great reputation with his productions at Alleyn's School, and clearly the new Youth Theatre is in safe hands. The cast for its first play consists entirely of boys from London schools, but if this initial experiment is well enough supported a national movement is planned which will tap school talent generally. Certainly this *Henry V* can be called an achievement. In any boy's equipment there are some blanks, such as deep emotion and the happy conduct of a farthingale; but when you can put against them the fiery speech, the feeling for poetry and the keen sense of team acting in which these boys are rich, the gaps are little noticed. Authority and ease mark Richard Hampton's surprisingly mature Henry. Fluellen's



Imogen—BARBARA JEFFORD

Iachimo—DEREK GODFREY

[*Cymbeline*]

eccentricities are beautifully contained by Kenneth Farrington, and David Weston's *Pistol* is a fine piece of outsize comedy. As for Simon Ward's *Katherine*, no one would believe a seminary for young ladies had not been raided. But all through the cast one found good speech and honest acting, and Mr. Croft's flowing and vigorous production showed them off to excellent advantage.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Mr. Bolfry (Aldwych—5/9/56), witty Bridie, very well done. *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56), Ustinov's best play. *La Plume de ma Tante* (Garrick—9/11/55), French revue successfully transplanted.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES



Oklahoma!
Invitation to the Dance

CERTAINLY there has never been a bigger film musical than *Oklahoma!* (Director: Fred Zinnemann); the scale of it is enormous. Such a remark as that could easily be the preface to detailed disapproval; so far from being everything, size often tends to be treated by any conscientious critic as almost a minus quantity. Nevertheless in this instance I wouldn't say a word against it.

The attractiveness of many of the pictorial effects is positively strengthened by the sheer size of the CinemaScope screen. That the attractiveness of the songs and the music is strengthened by the extreme loudness of much of it, I wouldn't go so far as to say; and yet even there emphasis seems worth while. One interesting point in this connection is that the off-screen orchestra, a customary matter for criticism in film musicals, really is off-screen: the "stereophonic sound" equipment is used to make the orchestra boom out not from behind the screen but from somewhere about where one hears it in a stage musical. In principle perhaps this is not necessarily to be approved of, but here, in effect, it seems more suitable.

Otherwise the piece is, I take it (without knowing from experience), essentially the stage musical played and sung against more or less naturalistic backgrounds. From the first moment, before the credit titles, when the camera moves in through the tall standing corn that literally is (as in the song) "as high as an elephant's eye," we are given a quite consistently exaggerated picture of the rural life of old Oklahoma. Never mind all that newspaper talk about how they had to make the film somewhere else. The scene of a musical has to be more rich and opulent than reality anyway, and the question of how it's done is irrelevant.

The familiar songs and concerted numbers—familiar musically even to anyone knowing nothing of the stage

SHERIFFS



Laurey—SHIRLEY JONES

Curly—GORDON MACRAE

show—are put over to excellent effect by a skilful cast led by Gordon MacRae as Curly; though the sound reproduction isn't all it might be. Particularly is this noticeable in the speech, some of which is very woolly and hard to make out. But after all, the only purpose of speech is to advance the plot, always the least satisfactory part of a musical. (Here we are even unwisely encouraged to take the plot seriously by a performance of convincing villainy from Rod Steiger.) The foundation of the whole thing is the music; but, I repeat, the sheer size and scale and attractiveness of the background contribute a great deal to one's pleasure.

The fact that *Invitation to the Dance* (Director: Gene Kelly) fits into no accustomed category of films, besides being an obvious reason why M.G.M. are showing it not at the big Empire but at the little Ritz, makes it unusually difficult to choose an "angle" of criticism.

For one thing it consists of two quite unconnected parts: here we have simply two short films stuck together, each a ballet for which Mr. Kelly also did the choreography and in which he is one of the principal dancers. In the same programme is a third, where again he is director, choreographer and dancer; perhaps the only reason why it was not included under one main title with the other two (and most critics have written as if it were, anyway) is that it has different art direction. In any ballet film the art director has unaccustomed

importance, and in fact it is Alfred Junge's designs, for credit titles as well as scenes, that provide the only real link between the two parts of *Invitation to the Dance*.

The second part of this, which is called *Ring Around the Rosy*, is, I think, the most successful of the three. Ignorant about ballet, I simply feel that I enjoyed this one most, possibly for the wrong reasons. It has a satiric tone and recalls *La Ronde*, and I'm temperamentally more pleased by satire than by the mimed pathos of the first part, *Circus*.

The third piece, *The Magic Lamp*, is the most elaborately ingenious, with some clever mixing of what Disney in a similar connection called "live action" and cartoon. In short: the whole programme is variously entertaining, but has to be actively appreciated. It is not for the vast majority of moviegoers who judge a film by the ease with which they can "lose themselves" in it.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

I shall be away when *The King and I* begins; I regret that, it's probably a safe bet. Others in London—but just about to leave—are *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (12/9/56) and Chaplin's classic *The Gold Rush*. Most universally acceptable is still *The Great Locomotive Chase* (29/8/56).

Among the releases there's nothing special. Two reviewed here: *The Iron Petticoat* (22/8/56) and *The Revolt of Mamie Stover* (18/7/56).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Humour on the Side

MUCH of the comedy available on TV is unintentional. Without being snooty or cynically superior the viewer can switch on most nights with a goodish chance of finding food for mirth in one or more of the serious programmes, and a free bonus issue of laughter is something that no member of the vast captive audience can afford to ignore. Let us take a quick look at a few of these unwitting sources of risibility.

The B.B.C. series called "Fabian of Scotland Yard" tells harmless little stories about the triumphs of the great detective in his war on crime. These so-called thrillers give the impression that they have been made by the Travel Association (they haven't, of course) to sell the charms of London to American audiences. The killer escapes and the chase is on: "Baumberger's fast car raced along Fleet Street, ancient centre of Britain's newspaper industry, up Ludgate Hill and through the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, one of architect Wren's noblest monuments, a building famed for its whispering gallery, a building that emerged unscathed from the Luftwaffe's bombardment of the metropolis, and so the pursuit continues—Fabian in hot pursuit—into the area known as the City, the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England, known as the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,' the Stock Exchange and the offices of the big insurance companies, brokers, merchants, bankers and financiers . . ." I am not exaggerating unduly. Then there are the phrases that hardly ring true. "You know, Fabian," says another detective, "we can't arrest



I've Got a Secret

the man in the embassy itself—diplomatic immunity and all that." "Check with the forty-two thousand five hundred fingerprints in section three, Charlie, and get Harrison to go over those eight hundred and twenty-eight table-napkins for traces of arsenic." Lots of fun.

Then to Richard Dimbleby, commenting on the switching-on of "Blackpool Illuminations." Reginald Dixon is pictured at his great organ and the scene is described in those tense liturgical tones that we expect on great royal occasions. Everything is great. The great blaze of lights is inspected from great tramcars which proceed along the great promenades and scan the great piers. Amusing? Yes, if the listener recalls the Goons' delicious take-off of the Dimbleby manner and mannerisms.

Next, Gilbert Harding in a new and quite disastrous series called "I Know What I Like." The illustrious panelist trying for thirty minutes to remain

lugubriously tetchy, reading Wordsworth in the sulky monotone of a dyspeptic village constable, and introducing his guests with the take-it-or-leave-it air of a seaside landlady exhibiting her last vacant bedroom. Not uproariously comic, perhaps; but the militant anarchist rendered docile by domesticity is a stock situation in English humour. When he roars Harding is indeed impressive: when he roars as gently as a nightingale or a sucking dove he is Bottom.

Last, the panelists of the I.T.A.'s goofy game "I've Got a Secret," and the disappointing quiz "What's in the Picture?"—all of them, or nearly all, struggling to hit the jackpot of TV stardom and failing in the attempt. Screen personality becomes ludicrous when it is applied like make-up in public, when it is built up grin by grin and gasp by gasp. These tom-fool panel games—all of them—have lost their easy, gay, amateur status. At first they were rather a lark, a cheerful romp for people off-duty from their regular jobs. They were cheap half-hours of by-product entertainment, sandwiched between slices of more serious fare. But then they became madly popular, the viewing public regarded them as pools of limelight celebrity, and panelists realized that a seat in "What's My Line?" had become a passport to fame and fortune in advertising and music-hall. And the amateurs gave way to professionals, each one aping the parlour tricks of the successful pioneers. Yes, it is amusing, if sad, to study the lineage of a pout of petulance, a sniff of injured innocence, a sucked pencil and a sweet disorder in the dress.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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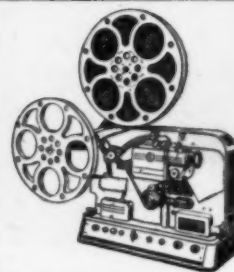
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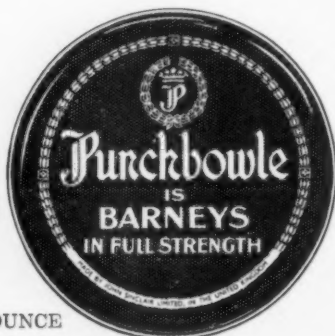


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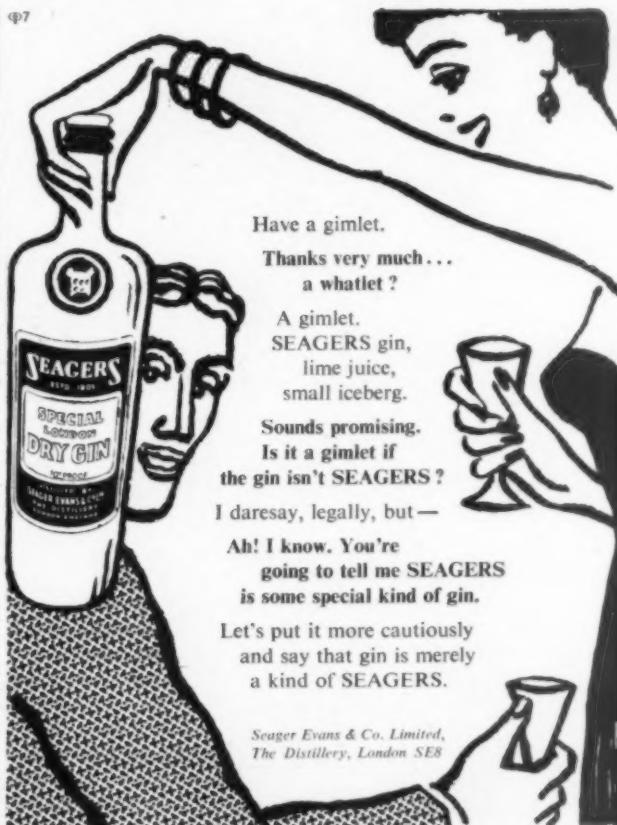
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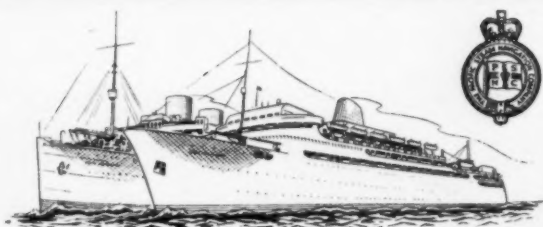
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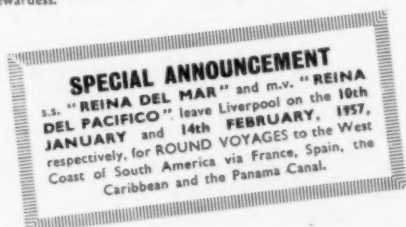
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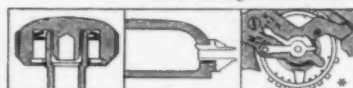


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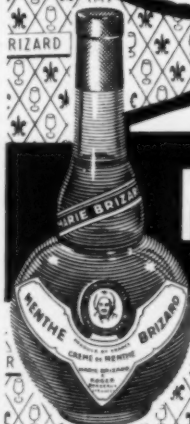
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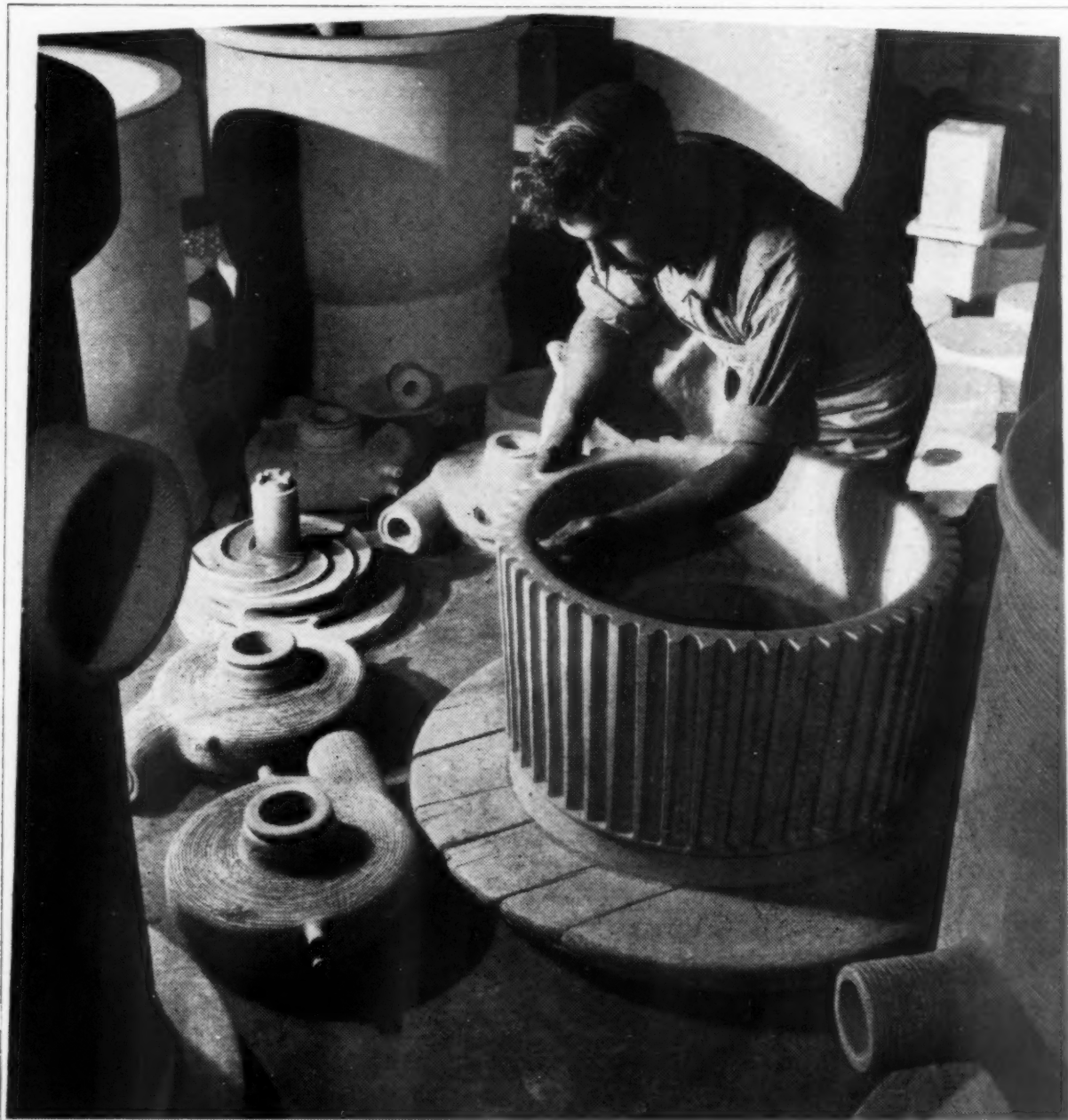
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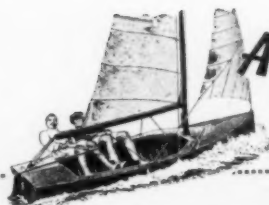
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SEE PAGE 15
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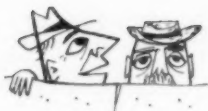


Parkinson's



the things they say!

Huge place, isn't it?



Darn sight too huge, if you ask me. These new I.C.I. places cost millions and millions — and what's it all for?

Why, surely to make new chemicals for Britain's expanding industries . . . ?

Not a bit of it — profits for a few top hats in the City, that's all it's for, mark my words. It isn't right that a few men should control such wealth and power, and if I were running this country . . .

Oh, come. You talk as though I.C.I. were controlled by a few financiers answerable to no one but themselves.



Well, isn't it?

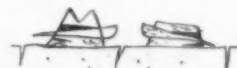
Of course not. Nor is any big public company today.

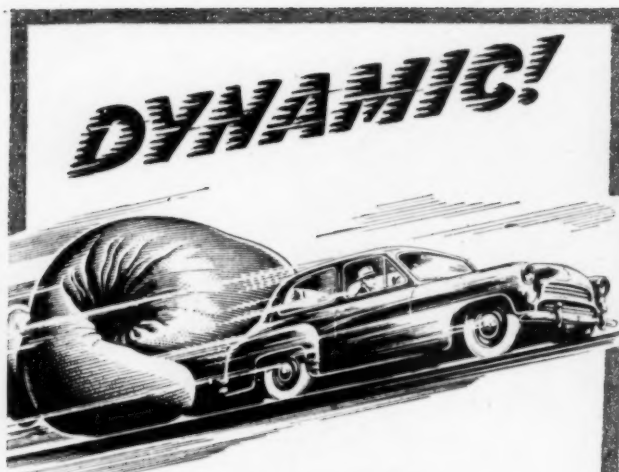
Go on! I.C.I. is run by a handful of directors, and don't you say it isn't.

Certainly the big policy decisions in I.C.I. are made by the Directors. But nearly all of them are men who've come up through the organization, and none holds his position on the strength of a big block of shares or anything like that. Anyway, control of I.C.I. ultimately lies in the hands of the I.C.I. stockholders.

And who are they, eh?

A fair cross-section of the community — from foremen plasterers to district nurses, from shop assistants to judges. All told, no fewer than a quarter of a million people. The number is going up all the time, too, for under I.C.I.'s Profit-Sharing Scheme over 80,000 of its employees are also being given shares in the business.





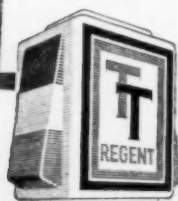
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AND
**REGENT
BENZOLE MIXTURE**
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PUNCH!**

**REGENT PETROLS, WITH VOLATANE CONTROL,
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- * They have Volatane Control.

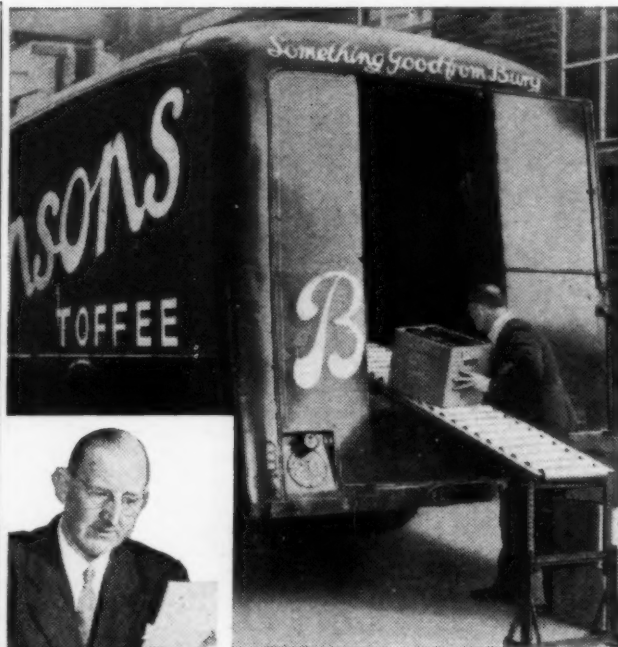
Volatane Control gives you maximum engine performance at all speeds. Instant starting · Fast warm-up · Lightning acceleration · Maximum miles to the gallon.



**THEY'RE BEST
—THEY'RE
BRITISH!**



T.M.22



Benson's deliveries sometimes had to wait for invoices—but the Burroughs man, Mr. R. Sudall, was able to suggest a quicker system using Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines.

**One man helped
this confectionery firm to
overcome invoicing delays**

Benson's Confectionery Ltd., of Bury, have a large home and export trade in toffees and boiled sweets. Last year deliveries were hindered because loaded vans were kept back while invoices were being prepared. More staff were put on, but there were still delays during peak periods.

Benson's contacted Burroughs, who sent one of their team of accounting experts—Mr. R. Sudall. Together with Benson's accountants, he made a thorough analysis and suggested a system using two Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines.

Now, invoices are prepared in *one operation* direct from travellers' orders. Each machine prepares 30 to 40 invoices an hour, and loads go out on time. Benson's are coping with a 50% increase in activity, and anticipate more orders through their prompt deliveries.

WHATEVER YOUR BUSINESS

If you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you. He is an expert on modern accounting systems, and well able to work with your accountants or auditors. Backed by Burroughs' world-wide experience, he will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical, *workable* solution. If he thinks no change advisable,

he will say so; if he does recommend a change, he will make a detailed plan and help you get it working smoothly. Call in the Burroughs man—you're committed to nothing. His advice is free.

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to please—*



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